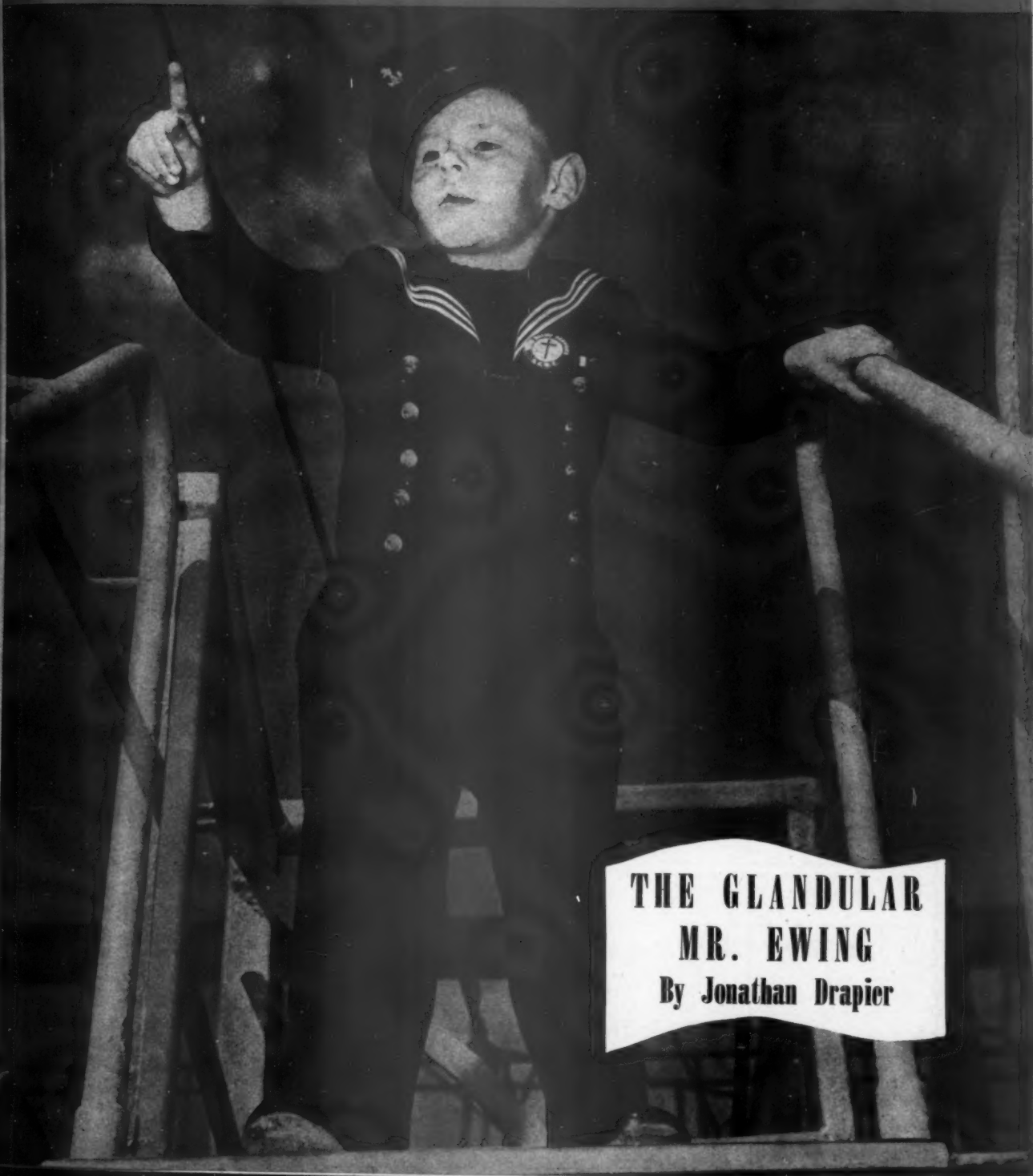




July 25¢

The Sign

National Catholic Magazine



**THE GLANDULAR
MR. EWING**
By Jonathan Drapier

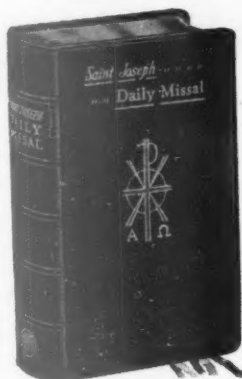
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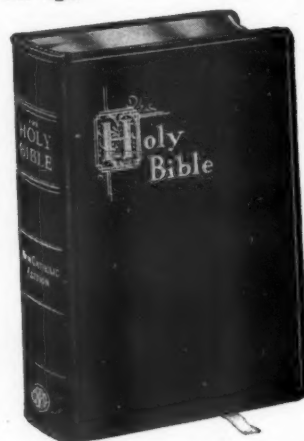
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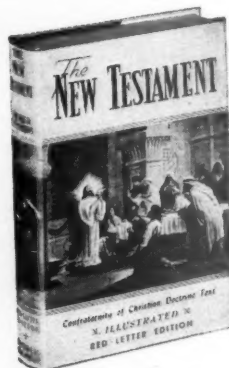
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The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

JULY

1951

VOL. 30



No. 11

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The Sign Honored

At the annual Convention of the Catholic Press Association, **THE SIGN** received the gold medal award as the best Catholic magazine of general circulation. Besides the gold medal, **THE SIGN** received also first prizes in non-fiction, fiction, and illustration, second prize for cover, and honorable mention for editorial.

We do not tell of these honors in a spirit of boasting, but because we know that our readers will be pleased at the high tribute paid **THE SIGN** by the eminent board of judges who made the awards.

The honor belongs to the entire staff, every member of which has made an essential contribution

to the success of the publication. It belongs also to those bishops and priests who have provided the means of securing subscriptions with the consequent financial support. We are extremely happy to feel that the distinguished recognition granted the magazine has justified their confidence and support.

An honor conferred is a recognition of past accomplishment; it is also a challenge for the future. We accept the awards as such. We shall set our sights even higher in our efforts to publish a magazine that is entertaining, informative, stimulating, and at times even shocking to the complacency of our readers. *The Editor*



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



International Photo

It wasn't the Fourth of July, but it was a parade for freedom, as U.S. troops bound for Europe marched in New York. They will help guard the outpost of the free world.



Acme

Among our most co-operative allies, Chiang's troops at last receive military aid. U.S. Gen. William C. Chase inspects the troops on Formosa, as he inaugurated the aid program.

July, 1951

In Ottawa, on June 1, United Nations' Secretary General, Trygve Lie, made a speech. His message was this: The aggressors have been thrown back across the 38th parallel. Now, a cease-fire with a guarantee of peace and security would finish up the Korean operation for the U.N. Roughly, this seems also to be the opinion of President Truman, Acheson, Marshall, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

When is a Victory Not a Victory?

Such a settlement is based on the supposition that the Communist aggressors merely stepped across a line in Korea last summer and now have stepped back again, like kids in a game.

But they didn't. Actually, they stepped across a line, murdered or maimed 2,000,000 people, displaced 10,000,000 others, made life harder for a billion more throughout the world, and then stepped back.

So the big question is: Should these Communist bosses, who have stepped back into North Korea, be allowed to sit right down in the driver's seat as if nothing happened in the last year?

Mr. Lie seems to say yes, and would call it a victory for the U.N. So, it seems, would the Administration. General MacArthur would not. The majority of Americans would not. According to report, neither would the little people of North Korea.

Would you?

Probably every Catholic in the world ought to shake hands with Paul Blanshard. His new book should do for him what Oxnam's anti-Catholic lectures did for him a few years back.

Bigotry, Democracy, And Blanshard

It should price Blanshard right out of the market as a credible critic of the Catholic Church. *Communism, Democracy, and Catholic Power* gives the public the lowdown on you and the Catholic Church. So, brace yourself.

You may think of yourself as an ordinary poor devil trying to get along—gossiping over the back fence with a Lutheran or Methodist neighbor, working at the plant with a lot of Jewish and colored boys, or recently rotated back from a service stint in Korea.

You may think so. But, according to Blanshard, you rate with Molotov, Malik, Gromyko, and Panyushkin. You are a Catholic. Catholics are as anti-American as Reds. The Catholic Church is as hideous a global sore as the Soviet—only more so. It should be treated with iodine. It should be treated by a doctor with a big knife.

For 340 pages, Blanshard says so and keeps saying it—in general and in detail, with all sorts of orchestral effects, and with almost hypnotic repetitiveness.

The title, *Communism, Democracy, and Catholic Power*, would suggest that the book is about Communism and



Harris & Ewing

Our allies are "gouging" us by their high prices on raw materials, says Economic Stabilizer, Eric Johnston. We can stop that game if we retaliate, as he suggests.



Acme

Russian U.N. members leave for home with crates of television sets and other dirty Capitalist goods. The longshoreman, above, (God bless him) refused to load them.



Acme

Undecided India is wooed by East and West. Like her ambassador to the U.S., Mme. Pandit, she accepts grain and medicine from the West and propaganda from the East.

Democracy and the Catholic Church. It is no such thing. It is about how bad are the Catholic Church and all the fiends who persist in being members of it. Communism is only a measuring stick to show you how bad Blanshard thinks that is. Democracy appears as the damsel in distress, who is being harried by the Pope—a fate at least as dire as being liquidated by the Politburo.

As a publicist, Blanshard has an odd talent, the opposite to the kind used in advertising. He can't praise anything. He can only pelt it with mud and call it dirty. Working for Camels, he could write splendid copy razzing Chesterfields, or vice versa. He *could*, but he wouldn't be allowed to, because such publicity-smears are out of line with the ethics of commercial competition. About the only place where they seem to be perfectly *in line* is in the publicity slot he has settled into—mauling the Catholic Church for a bigoted publishing venture.

Nothing about the Church is so clearly creditable that he cannot turn it into an indictment or a jibe. For instance, the fact that 45,000,000 Catholics, among others in Eastern Europe, have been deprived of their religious liberty by Communists. There, you might think, is a favorable and non-fissionable fact about the Church, a straight, hard truth which can't be smashed or bent into a libel.

But don't underestimate Blanshard. He doesn't let you see the event as a catastrophe in which 45,000,000 people are deprived of religious freedom. He focuses with glee on the angle that the Church has lost authority over 45,000,000 of its members.

It is a bewildering perversion of sympathy. Like presenting a hit-and-run driver with orchids, and billing the pedestrian-victim for fender damage.

While indulging the pretense that he loves Catholics, he treats the Church as the most contemptible institution in the world. He warns that we are victimized by the Church, and claims that his one idea is to pry us loose from it. If we let go, we will be forgiven.

We could be as generous as that, too. We could protest that we love Paul personally, but that the Blanshards are a crummy bunch, mothered by a beery, old squaw. And we could offer to welcome him if he will only kick the old lady in the face and get out of the family shack. We could call that a declaration of regard for Paul. But he would know that we were really riding him. Which is exactly what he is doing to us.

Here is a quick over-all sample of his democracy: He believes that a Catholic cannot be a good American. No Catholic, not even a nominal one, should be President of the United States. The United States Government should spurn diplomatic relations with any Catholic country. Treaties with the Vatican State are not binding and should be violated.

After 340 pages of this, you might at least expect the suggestion that a Constitutional Convention junk the First Amendment and revive all the old English and Colonial anti-Catholic penal laws. Or even a broad hint that Catholics be mass-murdered in ovens and gas chambers, as the Jews were by the Nazis.

But Blanshard decides to be temperate. He requires only three adjustments of us: First, the Church must declare that the public schools of the United States provide all the religion which should be mixed with education. Secondly, the Church must expose Catholics to whatever immoral and irreligious propaganda may be published. Thirdly, the Church must disclaim all spiritual authority over marriage and divorce and accept whatever legislation the state chooses to enact concerning them.

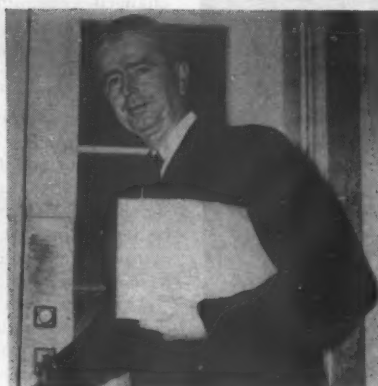
Thus the Catholic Church can purge itself, make an honest society out of itself, and rid American Catholics of the stigma of patriotic illegitimacy.

That is how he feels about us. But probably many non-Catholics will not relish his charge that *they* feel that way too, but are afraid to say so.



Wide World

A weary GI in Korea. A war of attrition may sound good to the generals, but it's no comfort to him.



International

Gen. Wedemeyer gets a hearing—four years too late. His report on Asia in '47 was ignored.



Acme

Famous MacArthur hat and coat are hung up. Will politicians exile the general? We hope not.

Blanshard begins and ends his book with a quotation from Jefferson: "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." Apparently *he* believes Jefferson was talking about organizations like the Catholic Church.

But most Americans are going to think Jefferson was talking about people like *him*.

The biggest job Price Stabilizer Mike DiSalle has tackled yet is beef. And from the blunt warnings of the cattle lobby, we doubt if DiSalle is going to win. Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson has stated that if DiSalle loses the Battle of Beef the "entire structure of price control" will be "seriously, if not fatally, impaired."

Odds on the Battle of Beef

If this is honestly so, then this is no mere skirmish between the farm bloc and the unorganized consumer. It is history. It is the same old battle of 1946 fought on the same old battlefield. OPA died in that fray and the odds are against OPS in this.

Remember how we were told back in 1946 that if only the Office of Price Administration were done away with, goods and especially meat would come flooding into market and because of the old law of supply and demand, prices would come down? Well, they didn't. Once OPA died, they climbed and kept right on climbing and haven't stopped yet.

Beef has reached a 50 per cent margin above an already generous "parity," and what do spokesmen for the cattle raisers do? Simply chant the same old refrain: If you leave prices alone, there will be a great increase in supply. And what will happen to prices? Why, they'll come down, of course.

At this point it is not insulting to smile.

Now comes the threat. Remember back in October of 1946 how meat disappeared from the markets while cattlemen held back their animals? The resultant artificial "beef famine" forced the Government to capitulate and abolish OPA. The same threat is repeated now. If Congress permits DiSalle to continue his curb on beef prices, then there will be a concerted holdback of cattle. Public exasperation will fall on DiSalle's head. He will be forced to lift controls. Then the cattle raisers can demand whatever price the traffic will bear. And the general welfare, equality of sacrifice in the defense effort be hanged.

The reason the odds are in favor of victory for the cattlemen is simply because without their co-operation no price control can succeed. They can keep their cattle on the ranch grassland so long as the grass lasts before sending them to Midwest livestock centers to be sold to feeders for fattening.

Or they can slaughter on the farm—there is nothing effective in the present law against "butchering behind the barn." Or they can sell their livestock in the black market—complete policing of the price rollback is almost impossible.

There is probably only one way the odds can be shifted to DiSalle's favor. And that is relentless reporting of the facts. During the meat strike of October, 1946, the newspapers of the country were strangely silent. A quick glance back at the files shows whole columns of print belaboring John L. Lewis and his United Mine Workers during those weeks when the largest sit-down strike against the nation in all history was in determined progress by the cattlemen, and went unreported.

At that time the National Association of Manufacturers spent \$3,000,000 in its campaign to kill OPA—\$1,500,000 of it in newspaper advertising. The NAM is back again. On May 18 it joined hands with the American Farm Bureau Federation before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee and appealed for an end to all wage and price controls. The alliance that killed OPA is at its selfish business again.

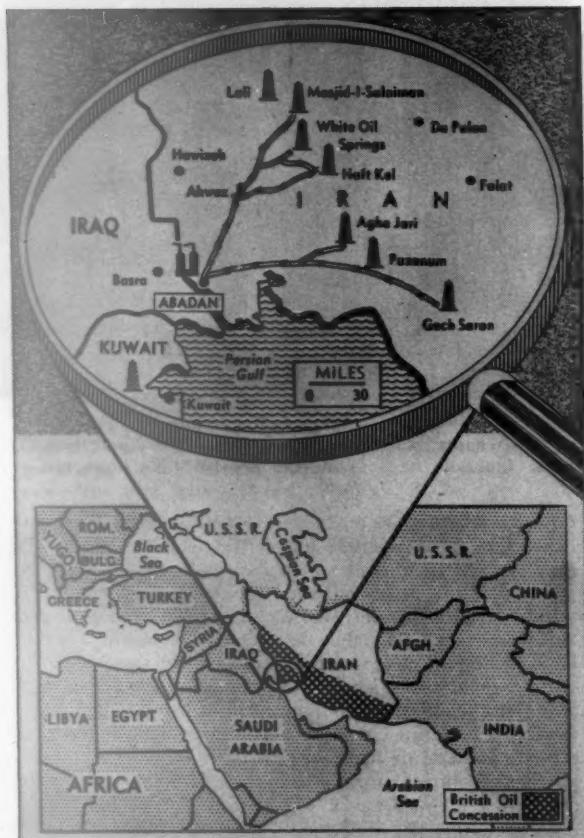
The day the newspapers of this country faithfully report the machinations going on and give even one-tenth the space to them that they now give to strikes and wage controls, that day Mike DiSalle can hope to win the Battle of Beef.

We solemnly hope General Douglas MacArthur is wrong. For weeks now, testimony—in transcript, over a million and a half words—has poured from every big gun the Administration

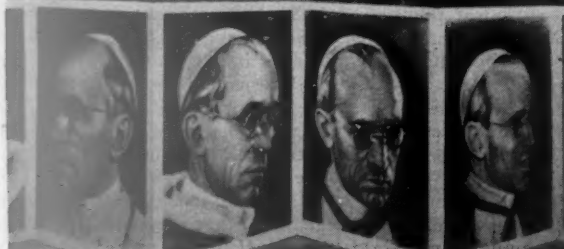
The President and the General

has in its arsenal to destroy the General's position. To anyone who has patiently read the reams of repetitive verbiage, the damage done MacArthur's thesis is not nearly so devastating as newspaper accounts imply. Nor does the Administration seem quite so sure of its own position. The State Department has turned a somersault in its policy toward Chiang Kai-shek and Formosa—the while it assures onlookers it has done no such thing. The British Commonwealth has suddenly stopped supplying Chinese Communists with strategic materials. The United Nations has taken action finally on its embargo resolution. These are items of surrender to MacArthur's position.

But we still solemnly hope MacArthur is wrong, that President Truman will by some stroke of chance be recorded in the proper texts as the statesman who saved the world from an annihilating World War III. If by diplomacy or military success, Red China can be made to withdraw from Korea, chastened in mood and less enamored of Kremlin adventures, then the whole dreary picture of the Far East will be



Map shows oil fields of Iran, number-one trouble spot of the Middle East. Capitalizing on British mistakes, Reds are winning a political victory. U.S. had better beware!



Admitting DP's is a two-way proposition: We give them a home, they contribute to our way of life. Recent DP arrivals—Endre Fazekas, Hungarian artist, and his family.

changed. Communist China's loss of face will give new hope to other Far Eastern lands—less fear of Peking, more trust in the United Nations. Moscow will have been thwarted, and Truman will be eulogized as the man who kept MacArthur from leading the world into catastrophe.

But this supposes an end to the Korean war in real victory, a victory that is a cloak neither for dishonorable compromise nor camouflaged appeasement. For if Communist China gets away with her Korean aggression, then all Asia is lost to the Peking-Moscow axis. If Asia goes, then Europe cannot be far behind. America finally will be standing alone. The manpower and resources of the whole Eastern hemisphere will be mobilized against us.

As the war goes on, it is increasingly hard not to question the policy of trading casualties in Korea for time to reach peak strength two years hence. Russia is not standing still, atomically or otherwise. Our peak two years hence may be "too little and too late," if Asia has been lost.

We hope Mr. Truman is a great statesman, wise and brave. We hope General MacArthur is absolutely wrong. But we wonder.

Although they almost certainly did not know it, April 19, the date Southern Methodist University chose for the opening of its new Legal Center in Dallas, is Patriots Day in New England. A speech worthy of Patriots Day, worthy of the Fourth of July, was given at this opening by Henry R. Luce of *Time-Life-Fortune* fame. The

Mr. Luce, Mr. Holmes, and the Fourth

burden of his talk to the outstanding legal minds there gathered—two Supreme Court Justices were present—can be summarized in this quotation: "I submit to you that you as lawyers have one urgent task more important than all others—to reverse Mr. Justice Holmes—and to do so for the sake of the Law itself, for the sake of the American people, and perhaps for the sake of your own individual peace of mind."

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, the "Magnificent Yankee," has become an almost deified legend in this country. This agnostic, this secularist, has done more than any other jurist in our time to mold the minds of our judiciary. Great Liberal that he was, his famous dissents have long since become majority opinions. But Holmes only happened to be right in so many of these. He reached the right conclusions for the wrong reasons. His philosophy was unbelievably crude.

Holmes said, for example, "I see no reason for attributing to man a significance different in kind from that which belongs to a baboon or a grain of sand."

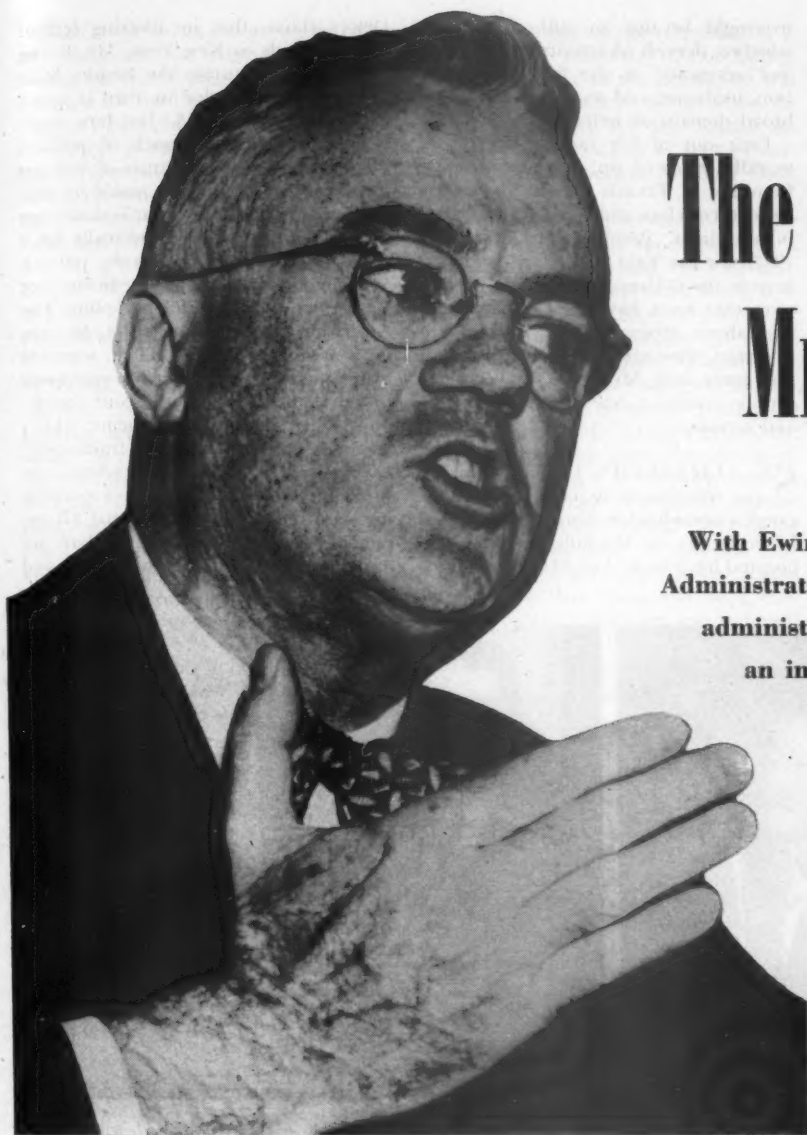
Holmes said, "Truth is the majority vote of that nation that can lick all the others."

Holmes said that men have no natural rights and if a man will fight for what he calls his rights, so will a dog fight for a bone.

The Declaration of Independence is immortal, not because of the bravery of the signers who risked their all before the wrath of a mighty Britain; it will live forever because it states the inalienable rights of man and traces them to the Creator of man. On this basis rests our freedom under law and on this basis rests the whole moral code.

But listen to Mr. Luce: "We do live in a moral universe, wherefore the laws of man have their source and their goal in the law of God. This is the basis on which we as a nation seek to make, to correct, and to execute our own laws and this is the basis on which we seek to live in peace and justice with all other men. The Supreme Court could win this battle, but not without reversing Mr. Justice Holmes. Oh, they might not have to reverse a single one of his legal opinions. They would have to reverse simply his philosophy—his clear and beautiful and brave and mistaken notion of Truth."

It is high time the Holmesian myth was exploded.



The Glandular Mr. Ewing

With Ewing as head of Federal Security Administration, we have an impossible administrative situation supervised by an impossible administrator

by
JONATHAN DRAPIER

"I am not afraid of controversy. I like it. It does something to my glands."

"I AM not," Oscar Ewing has said, "afraid of controversy. I like it. It does something to my glands."

If you do not know who Oscar Ewing is, it is not because that gentleman has not tried hard to let you know. The Federal Security Administrator is responsible for the general direction and supervision of the sixteen constituent units which make up the Federal Security Agency, and any publicity emanating from any one of these units—any publicity, that is, above the level of statements as to the number of dentists in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg—must be cleared through the Administrator. Not only must it be cleared, a procedure which in itself is not unreasonable; but much of it is actually issued in the Ad-

ministrator's name, a procedure for which, at times, the reason is visible only through a powerful microscope.

Take the lethal smog which enveloped Dnora, Pennsylvania, back in 1948. The "scientific reason" for that lamentable event was "disclosed" by Mr. Ewing, who is by vocation a lawyer and by avocation a politician. His remarks were "amplified" by Surgeon General Leonard A. Scheele of the Public Health Service, but it was Mr. Ewing who got in the first word. Time was, in a circumstance like this, when the Surgeon General would have got it in. Mr. Ewing's predecessors in office had the generosity, and the good taste, to permit the top physicians, educators, and sociologists in the FSA to speak quite often for them-

selves. But at present, in the interests of agency uniformity and consistency, and also, possibly, in the interests of the Administrator, the practice is for Mr. Ewing to do most of the important talking himself.

And of talking, Mr. Ewing does plenty—especially around election time, either when Mr. Truman is running for reelection to the presidency or when Mr. Ewing himself is running—unsuccessfully, as it turned out—for the Democratic nomination for the governorship of New York. It seems to be at election time that Mr. Ewing is seized most ecstatically by his vision of a More Abundant Life for the American people—a vision which includes free wigs as well as free spectacles. The cost of the wigs, Mr.

Ewing has declared, "wouldn't amount to a hill of beans."

As for costs in general, those are "details" which a "policy" man like Mr. Ewing leaves to mundane minds to figure out. "The only people," he has said, "who worry about the welfare state are those who worry about paying a cent or two more on their taxes." On one occasion, however, Mr. Ewing was forced to admit that his oft-recommended expansion of social security and introduction of compulsory health insurance *might* require a payroll tax of from 15 to 18 per cent *in addition to income tax*. A mere mountain range of beans. It is no wonder that when Mr. Ewing sought to have the FSA changed to Cabinet status as the Department of Welfare, members of his own party voted with Republicans to deny him his ambition.

Whether Mr. Ewing believes in his mission to promote welfare, or whether he believes in welfare as a bait with

overnight became an authority, and a whirling dervish of activity, controversy, and acrimony, in the fields of education, medicine, and sociology—the whole broad domain of welfare.

Each out of his varying degrees of worldliness or of sin, St. Augustine, St. Camillus, St. Francis Xavier, and others freed themselves and lived forever after in the light. Perhaps Mr. Ewing, in 1947, saw the light of welfare, and perhaps in the radiance of that light his motives, ever since, have been dispassionate and above reproach. But motives are mysteries, they are sacred, and we shall not enter into Mr. Ewing's. We shall simply ponder a few of his statements and actions.

ST. ELIZABETH'S Hospital, one of the constituent units of FSA, is located a considerable distance from FSA headquarters in Washington. And the hospital has a cook. And Mr. Ewing has a

Dewey claims that in allotting federal welfare funds to New York, Mr. Ewing makes demands upon the Empire State that would, if acceded to, turn it into a vassal state of the FSA. Just how much of justice, and how much of politics, there may be in the charges of the two men against each other it would be tedious to figure out. The point is that when Mr. Ewing hurls charges he really *hurls*—that is, he sounds as if, truly, politics, and not education, not medicine, not welfare has been his lifelong hobby. The American Medical Association, he says, is "a misguided group." Then, warning to his theme, he says that his opponents in the A.M.A. are "stupid and dangerous." Then, boiling to his theme: "They are not only fat-cats but fraidy-cats." *Liking* controversy, as he admits, he works himself up in these ways to asserting, and possibly believing, that all opponents of *his* concepts of welfare are opposed to *any* concepts of welfare, and



New York labor leader Dan Tobin and Ewing. When not in national politics, Ewing keeps an eye on New York



Ewing with Sen. McGrath at last Democratic Convention. Oscar was aiming at Vice-Presidency

which to catch votes, is a matter of Mr. Ewing's conscience—or perhaps of his glands. One can judge him solely on his public record. Publicly, he was a practicing lawyer, and a successful one, for most of his adult life, an Indiana boy who made good in New York. And, all during the time that he was practicing law, "politics," he has stated, "was my hobby." Politics—not education, not medicine, not sociology. He has been vice-chairman and acting chairman of the Democratic National Committee and, as a collector of campaign funds and a thinker on campaign strategy, a pet of both President Roosevelt and President Truman. The latter appointed him Federal Security Administrator in 1947. Once in that position, he almost

kitchen in his FSA offices. And one time shortly after becoming FSA Administrator, Mr. Ewing instituted the practice of having the cook come from the hospital to the offices to prepare luncheons for Mr. Ewing and his guests. An innocent enough little practice, and cheap enough, also, in more ways than one. But the Government Accounting Office, getting wind of it, sternly forbade it, and Mr. Ewing got the kind of publicity out of it that prompted his admission, at a Congressional hearing, that his press relations and public relations "were, at times, not of the best."

Then there are Mr. Ewing's long-standing controversies with Governor Dewey of New York and with the American Medical Association. Governor

that they are therefore, all of them, Republicans and enemies of the people.

In all this controversial turmoil, the fault, of course, may not be entirely Mr. Ewing's. What has happened to Mr. Ewing, a Democrat, could just as easily happen to a Republican. The fault is this: that the very nature of the conglomerate, grab-bag setup of the Federal Security Agency is likely to go to the head of almost any administrator who takes his job seriously.

Under the heading of Social Security, the FSA has charge of the Bureau of Old-Age and Survivors Insurance, the Bureau of Employment Security, the Bureau of Public Assistance, the Children's Bureau, and the Bureau of Federal Credit Unions. Under the heading

of Education, it has charge of the Office of Education, the American Printing House for the Blind, the Columbia Institution for the Deaf, and Howard University. Under the heading of Health, it has charge of the Public Health Service, the Freedmen's Hospital, and St. Elizabeth's Hospital. Under the heading of Special Services, it has charge of the Food and Drug Administration, the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, the Bureau of Employees' Compensation, and the Employees' Compensation Appeals Board.

TO BE qualified for administering these sixteen disparate units, which together spend more than two billion dollars a year and employ more than thirty-six thousand people, a man would have to be a paragon, possessing more than a smattering of educational knowledge, more than a smattering of medical knowledge, more than a smattering of sociological knowledge.

Of course the device, or fallacy, in setting up the FSA back in 1939 was that of lumping all its activities together on the grounds that they all had to do with "welfare." "Welfare" is a vague, general term, whereas teaching, the practice of medicine, and the rendering of social service are specific, concrete activities. Only a man who was either fatuous or cynical would pretend that he had competence in all three of them, and to put in charge of all three of them a man who has had no background in even one of them, is one reason among many why the American Medical Association, the American Association of School Administrators, and the National Catholic Welfare Conference have gone on record as being opposed to a number of Mr. Ewing's practices and proposals.

It is not always easy to grasp Mr. Ewing's meaning. He probably writes his own speeches; they do not sound like the work of a professional writer—except possibly the type that specializes in bureaucratic officialese rather than in English. But to examine a few samples of his publicly expressed thinking is a lesson in what being Federal Security Administrator has done to him.

"While education," he has said, "must and should remain under the direct authority of the states, federal aid is necessary to increase facilities and develop standards."

As if standards were not the heart of the matter! And as if the direct authority of the states would amount to a hill of beans, or even a spoonful, if the federal government controlled standards!

The Children's Bureau of the FSA has published a 133-page booklet entitled *Your Child from 6 to 12*. The introduction claims that the booklet describes the "most approved methods" of sex instruc-

tion. The author of the introduction is that eminent authority, Oscar Ewing, whose experience in sex instruction was acquired, presumably, either when he served as counsel for the Aluminum Company of America or as acting chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Sex instruction, however, is only one of Mr. Ewing's many specialties. He is prepared, he has affirmed, "to lend technical assistance in improving social conditions among the backward peoples of Asia, the Americas, and the Far East."

An offer of technical assistance to three continents which have not audibly clamored for him to give it to them is characteristic of Mr. Ewing's generosity. That generosity has been extended in an interesting manner to his own country in its current crisis of national defense. "The federal government," Mr. Ewing has said, "is thinking in terms of stimulating the reorganization of high school curricula so that there will be a consistent program of military and technical training." To this he had prefaced the principle: "The country must make

• Luck is what happens when preparation meets opportunity.

—Quote

maximum use of the years before young men reach the age of eighteen."

The interesting feature of such "from-the-cradle-to-the-grave" thinking, with the "federal government" making "maximum use" of youngsters whose parents may not wish them to be "used" by bureaucrats at all, is that the "federal government" turned out to be merely Mr. Ewing himself, who before issuing these statements, in December 1950, had not presented them either to President Truman or the Congress. But—note well in the statements—it was the "federal government" that was "thinking." Something unfortunate has happened when a man, while thus "thinking," can say that it is the "federal government" which is doing so. Something unfortunate *has* happened to the man himself. Something unfortunate *can* happen to the public, when it permits such a man to put his "thinking" into practice.

Mr. Ewing's concern with military training and manpower problems arose, he explained, from the fact that "under the administration of the FSA come the nation's health, education and welfare programs."

"Welfare"—a magnificent word which has apparently given Mr. Ewing magnificent illusions of omni-importance. The fault, to repeat, may not be entirely Mr. Ewing's. Put almost any man in charge of something called "national welfare" and if, besides *not* promising two moons

in a blue sky, he should keep his nose reasonably out of peoples' affairs, his humility and decency would come close to rating him instantaneous canonization after his death. "National welfare" is a terrible temptation to anyone who is lacking in the deepest-rooted sobriety of judgment and reliability of scholarship.

And neither Mr. Ewing's judgment nor scholarship is of the finest. It was in accepting a one thousand dollar award from the Sidney Hillman Foundation in New York in March, 1950, that the Administrator attested to the agreeable effect of controversy on his glands. Glands, apparently, and not judgment, not scholarship, must have influenced him on an earlier occasion in the same city. Delivering a plea for tolerance during its Brotherhood Week of 1949, Mr. Ewing remarked about "the days when the Irish here laid virtual siege to Manhattan, and murdered and plundered the even more downtrodden Negroes." Called upon after the speech by a delegation (presumably of non-Scandinavians) which asked him to withdraw that tolerant, brotherly remark, he refused—on the grounds that he didn't know whether the remark was true or not!

The spectacle of an impossible administrative situation being supervised by an impossible administrator is not a dignified one. The FSA personnel of more than thirty-six thousand and the FSA budget of more than two billion are not responsibilities that ought to be turned over, for purely political reasons, to an opportunist and exhibitionist. At present, foreign policy and national defense, rightly so, are the principal concerns of the President, the Congress, and the American people. But the FSA, directly or indirectly, affects the present, and it will affect the future of practically every one of us. Serious consideration ought to be given to its setup.

IS ONE man capable of supervising those sixteen constituent units? And if one man is, ought not general "welfare work" qualifications, a background of relevant experience, to be legally required of the man appointed as FSA Administrator? FSA Administrator—it is a great office, a great responsibility. Care ought to be taken to assure that it will be held in a great way, or at least in a dignified way.

Personally, Mr. Ewing is reputed to be an amiable and dignified man. Publicly, however, he is all too often a ranting demagogue. That, perhaps, represents his conception of what a public figure in American life *has* to be. The fault, again, may not be entirely his. It may be largely ours—the public's. Mr. Ewing—it may be an evidence of his quality—prefers falling in with us to falling out with us over it.



Sitting hunched in the cane chair was Pasquale's guest

PASQUALE'S dark eyes danced along the heat waves that shimmered above the flagstones of his village square, around the ancient stone fountain and beyond, up to the very doors of the church of *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*. And why should his eyes not dance? Why indeed should not all of Pasquale, all of him that squatted under the moon of shade made by his ribbon-banded and drooping-brimmed sombrero, want to dance in the morning sunlight? Was it not a day of fiesta, a day of dancing joy for the great Mother who had given her roses into the serape of the peon, Juan Diego? A day when everyone sang and prayed like a madness just to show his love and happiness? Hadn't he, Pas-

quale, risen at dawn and hurried through the oaken door beneath the twin bell towers, to be the first to greet the wonderful, rose-giving Mother with his joy?

He smiled with happiness, and his eyes danced about the villagers now, all in their brightest finery as they gathered before the church. There was Francisco and Carita and little Juan and José—everyone carrying a gift of smiles. Oh, he said to himself, it will be a great, a magnificent fiesta, and everyone will be happy for *Nuestra Señora*, the most excellent one of Guadalupe. Pasquale sat long in the sun and the sun sat on Pasquale and both were happy, but still Pasquale did not get up to join the others for the celebration.

Then he saw Maria coming across the square toward him, the sparkling lace fringe of her skirt scattering momentarily the leaves of sunlight that dappled her way. His eyes waltzed to her, afire with an added love, a more present joy. Maria tossed her head teasingly and waved to him. It was like a dancing master's gesture to Pasquale, that wave of her hand, and he bounded to his feet, sweeping his sombrero from his head.

"Pasquale, Pasquale *caro* . . ." Maria was breathless with excitement as she stood before him. "It is late. Are you not going to be at the church when the bell sings its joy? Are you not going to join the fiesta—for your great Mother and me?" She paused and smiled at him, a

Pasquale and the LONG silence

It was Our Lady's day, and her children gave loud voice to their joy. But in their midst a troubled soul cried for rest

by **ROBERT C. BRODERICK**

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY S. HARTMAN

piquant reproach in her manner, even in the soft caress of her voice.

Pasquale shook his dark head from side to side, and the lines of his brow tangled into a frown. "For you, for everyone, Maria, I am happy. But all the prayers, all the singing, all the gay dancing and feasting are not for me—the Americano has come!" His voice sounded a dirge note of sadness that belied the wry smile he gave Maria.

Her face mirrored his earlier frown as she stood back a pace from him; her hands, one clutching a rosary, the other a bouquet of flowers, fell to her sides. "You mean, Pasquale, that he is here, in your house!" She glanced over his head at the outside stairs leading from the veranda where Pasquale had been sitting to the landing and rooms above. "He is here—this Meestair, this Señor Whiskey?"

They laughed together at the nickname they had given him.

"It is he," Pasquale said, lapsing into sadness. "He came last night, with his bottles!"

"And now, Pasquale, you must wait on him, jump and run at his call, miss the fiesta? It is too much! Can't you tell him it is a holy day, a day to sing your prayers? Go tell him and come with me."

Pasquale shook his bowed head, twirled his sombrero. "No, Maria, he sleeps," then with a smile, "he sleeps late, that one!" He looked at her, "Besides, Maria, it is as I promised him—and he has given me many American dollars—and promised me more. This way maybe we can have enough to be married by next fiesta time."

Maria's look softened. "Dear Pasquale, poor Pasquale—it is for this?" She

paused, smiling at him, "It is too much—but if you promised . . ."

The church bell began to ring, its clangor both an invitation and a command. In front of the church, the people sent up a shout and crowded forward as the doors swung open. The fiesta had begun.

"It is all right, Pasquale, I will pray for you." She waved her flowers, drew out a saffron and red bloom and tossed it toward him, and ran across the square to the church.

The flower fell at Pasquale's feet. He looked after the girl and felt his heart exulting at the bells and their joyous halloing. He had only stood a moment breathing in the laughing sound when he heard, from the window above him, the hoarse shout of his name.

"Pasquale, Pasquale, you pig of a peon, come here!"

Stooping down, Pasquale picked up the flower, inserted its stem into the band of his sombrero.

"Pasquale!" This time more loudly. "Do you hear me!"

With a last look at the church and the bell tower, Pasquale turned toward the stairs with a sigh, "Coming, Señor, Pasquale is coming!"

The large front bedroom with windows that reached from the floor almost to the ceiling and opened onto the balcony above the veranda had been hastily prepared the night before by Pasquale and given over to his guest, Mr. Whitney. It was the best and the least that he could do, since he remembered the man's generosity in paying him when the American had last been there. How well Pasquale remembered. His mother had been alive then and had cooked great bowls of thick soup for their guest, and it had been Pasquale's task to serve him, each time with new wonderment at

the quantities of whiskey that the man consumed. Pasquale entered the room, the windows still behind drawn shades making its interior seem darker in contrast to the sunlight from which he came.

Sitting hunched in the cane chair, a dressing gown draped over his bare chest, was Pasquale's guest. One slipper dangled from the foot crossed over his right knee, his arms lay soft and limp along the arms of the chair, and in one hand was a glass half-filled with whiskey. He raised the glass to his lips, and over its brim he watched Pasquale, watched him shrug as he saw the clothes strewn about the floor.

"Confound you, Pasquale, for a lazy lout! Your mother should have left you a crack on the head instead of this hostility when she died." Mr. Whitney grunted, tilted the glass, and drank the remainder. His face, red and puffy in the half-light, screwed itself into a grimace, the jowls touched with white as the blood was squeezed from them.

Pasquale felt some amazement, standing before this man, and he saw one change that he had not noticed the night before. To himself he said, "Señor Whiskey fattens himself—for what, I wonder."

Mr. Whitney waved the empty glass toward Pasquale and shouted, "What's all this damned racket—this noise, Pasquale? Didn't I tell you that I came here to rest? Didn't I pay you so that I could rest in quiet?"

"Señor, it is a fiesta. Everyone is happy—I am happy—for *Nuestra Señora*. The bells will ring—the sound goes to heaven, then heaven is happy. It is big celebration." Pasquale smiled benignly, trying to translate some of his own joy. His smile faded when he saw the man only become more red as he leaned forward in his chair.

"Curse your celebration—*Nuestra Señora*, ha—rum-headed superstition!"

With a lingering tone, whispered farewell, the bells stopped ringing. Mr. Whitney raised his eyebrows, blinked, and settled back in his chair.

"That's better. Now, Pasquale, bring me another bottle from that bag over there in the corner—and be quick!"

Pasquale turned to the three pieces of fitted luggage, reached for the smaller one, heard a grunt behind him, and passed on to the larger of the three. Inside he found ten bottles lying heel to top like sardines in a can and as much alike. He took one, twisted the stopper to break the seal, and withdrew the cork. Mr. Whitney held out his glass. Pasquale stooped over and poured the liquid, filling the glass.

"That's it, Pasquale—have a drink yourself!"

"No, Señor, no thank you!" Pasquale put the bottle down on the table, giving the cork a final little pat with his hand to make it secure.

"Don't drink good stuff, eh—tequila is yours, eh! Bah, rat's milk." He raised his glass, studied it through half-closed eyes. "Now, Pasquale, fetch me a basin and a jug of water! Some ice too, if you've got it."

"Ice? No ice. Got plenty of water!"

Pasquale left the room and went down the inner stairwell of the house. In the darkness it felt cooler. He shook his head. "Poor man—ice. And what hands—like a woman's, no, more like a statue's. Perhaps the water is to wash them."

RETURNING to the room, he put the basin and water jug on the table and opened the windows to the balcony. The sunlight came in brightly, and with it came the sounds of singing, the voices walking up each square note of Gregorian music with a brave lilt. Pasquale stood for a moment at the window, smiling happily at the chant.

"Damn noise—no peace for a man! Can't think of business and important money matters with that going on!"

Pasquale turned and saw Mr. Whitney shaking his fist at him.

"But, Señor, it is such a sweet little noise, no?"

"Clatter and nonsense! And another thing, Pasquale, if those bells ring again I'll break your head, d'ya hear me, break it like the empty jug it is. Now get on with you! I'll call if I want you, so don't go far."

With a bow and a shrug, Pasquale stepped out onto the balcony and descended to the veranda. He was about to squat down and enjoy the singing that rippled across the square when he remembered the *Gloria*. They would ring the bells at the *Gloria* of the Mass—always at fiesta time the bells were rung

then. He glanced up at the balcony above him, then hurried across the square, smiling, but now a little grimly, resolutely. In the church beyond the shawls, mantillas, and bowed heads of men, the altar was like an aurora of candlelight. Pasquale wanted to join them all in the midst of that lovely singing that seemed to threaten to burst the very walls before him. But instead he bowed his head, turned and mounted the stairs to the bell tower saying, "It is not good what I do—what I must do, but *Nuestra Señora* will understand. I'll say one rosary for her during the night."

Perspiration glistened on Pasquale's forehead, but now it was not from the heat of the sun. He drew his knife from his pocket and with a quick slash cut the bell rope and tied a loose knot at the end so it could not be pulled through the floor into the church below. With a muttered "Mother have mercy!" he went out and recrossed the square, and pulling his sombrero forward on his head, he squatted on the veranda, relief on his sweat-streaked face.

From his position Pasquale began to enjoy the singing. They were intoning the *Gloria*—and the bells had not broken forth in their joyous-tongued salvo. Pasquale leaned back against a post. He felt he could join in spirit with the others now without fear. His face became a parade-ground of smiles and he hummed the familiar music to himself, quietly.

The day was becoming very warm as the sun leaped above the square. Pasquale could see that on the side of the fountain facing him only a small scimitar of shadow remained. Soon it would be siesta time. On other days the siesta was like an oasis of peace—and always pleased the American. But no, Pasquale told himself, today there would be no siesta. Today no one would leave the happiness of singing at the fiesta to snore in sleep. As the warmth of the day increased, even the singing from the church seemed to be less spirited. Gradually also the smile left Pasquale's face. Instead of the quiet reassuring him, it filled him with new apprehension. His humming ceased, and holding his breath he listened for any sound from the room of his guest. There was none. That is good, thought Pasquale, but his fear returned as he thought of what would happen when the villagers came out of the church.

Quietly, patiently, Pasquale stared across at the church. There is nothing, he told himself, that can stop the fiesta.

ROBERT C. BRODERICK has published articles and fiction in Catholic magazines and professional journals. His books include *Wreath of Song*, *Paul of St. Peter's*, and the *Concise Catholic Dictionary*.

He tried to think consolingly but heard with mounting terror the first crescendo of the *Te Deum*. Now the Mass was ending. Soon the people would pour into the square and there would be music and dancing. Like a wave the song crashed to a climax and the people came out of the church, still singing.

"Pasquale! Pasquale! Come here, you thick-headed ninny!"

Seeing the people, his happy friends, Pasquale longed to join them, but the cry from his guest sent him trudging up the stairs. Hardly had he stepped from the balcony into the warm room than he was struck a blow on the shoulder and heard the crash of a glass against the wall.

"What in hell is that racket now, Pasquale?"

Pasquale looked at Mr. Whitney, saw him sitting as he had been before, except that the gown had been thrown back from his shoulders. He saw also that perspiration on the man's face was like a river that flowed from his chin and matted the hair of his chest.

"Here I sit, Pasquale, only asking for a little quiet—feeling goutish and with a headache like the cracking of the walls of Jericho, and in this infernal heat. What do I get? The croaking of jackals and apes. Why did I come? Because it's the only place I had ever found that offered a little peace and quiet. Ha, and I have to walk into a Mexican boiler factory." Mr. Whitney reached over to the foot of the bed and picked up his coat, took out a wallet and opened it. "Here, take twenty dollars—and go out and buy some quiet—bribe them all if you have to, understand?"

Pasquale hesitated, then reached for the money. "It will not be easy—one can muffle the mouth, but the heart sings on. I will try."

GOING down the stairs, he tried to think of some way to satisfy his guest. With all the gaiety it was not easy to think, and he began to feel sorry for Mr. Whitney. The villagers had gathered about the fountain, laughing and talking. Pasquale watched them for a moment, then set off at a jog around the house to the garden. Hastily he cut flowers, the last blossoms from the many that his mother had tended. With an armful, he ran to the stable and led out his neighbor's donkey.

"Come Michael—no siesta for you today. I think it time for you to do some praying too!"

Pasquale hurried, after hitching Michael to the small cart, taking the bridle and leading the donkey down side paths in a roundabout course that brought him to the back of the church. He left Michael and hurried into the church only to reappear carrying the familiar

statue of the Blessed Mother with the flowing blue cape that the ladies of the village had covered with embroidery.

As he lifted the statue onto the cart and arranged the flowers about its short pedestal, Pasquale whispered, "See, Michael, I can carry the wonderful statue, so it will be very easy for a strong fellow like you to pull. And the flowers—they don't add anything at all. You will like this little work, Michael!"

The donkey rolled ears forward and back, first one then the other, and, if his devotion was not equal to Pasquale's, it was as patient.

WITH the statue properly ensconced on the cart, Pasquale hastened to the square and came back with young José Vaquerro.

"Now José," he said, "here is Michael ready to give *Nuestra Señora* a ride. You take him by the bridle and lead him through the square and out the road to the cemetery. When you have gone so far turn around and come back. Oh yes, and here are two pesos, one for you and one for a candle in the church, no?"

He patted the shoulder of José. The boy put the coins in his pocket and swelling with the importance of his mission, gave a gentle tug on the bridle. "Come, Michael, we'll pretend it's the ride into Egypt!"

At the jolt of starting, the statue swayed, then settled for the ride. From the corner of the church, Pasquale watched the cart roll across the square and start down the road that led past the open fields to the cemetery that his village shared with the town beyond. For a moment he thought he had been too hasty, that the people would not notice the small donkey and the statue. He sighed with relief when the laughing noises stopped abruptly and he heard Francisco call out, "A procession, *Nuestra Señora* leads a procession! Come everyone!"

The villagers gave a shout, then joined in the singing of "*Salve Regina*" and trooped after the statue and the mincing but steady pace of Michael. Soon the square was deserted except for Pasquale, who crossed over beside the fountain and took up his place on the veranda. Several times he nodded in the languorous heat of the afternoon, but he shook himself awake and mumbled, "It was such a small deception, and now it is quiet. Señor Whitney can work in peace. And too, is it not our faith that we should follow *Nuestra Señora*?"

Pasquale looked up as he heard the church door close and saw Padre Pedro, the village priest, hurry down the steps, his cassock streaming behind him. The priest strode into the square, halted and looked about. Finally he saw Pasquale and boomed, "Ho, Pasquale, where has



Always at fiesta time the bells were rung

everyone gone? What kind of fiesta is this?"

"They have gone on a small procession with the statue of Our Lady. They will come back, Padre!"

The priest threw up his hands and his deep laughter echoed in the empty square as he turned and went back into the church.

The shadows were on the other side of the fountain now; the heat of the day was intense. Soon the veranda would be in shade and it would be cooler. Pasquale waited with patience, saying to himself, "They will stay in the cemetery to say prayers for their loved ones so that they too may have the everlasting fiesta. It will be late in the afternoon before they return. So peaceful, so quiet—Señor Whitney must be doing much work, he makes no call for Pasquale."

With a smile Pasquale waited and the sun moved behind him and, where it had been bright before him, the shadow of his house stretched out like a cat reaching for the edge of sunlight that moved out and away across the square.

It was the distant sound of singing that roused Pasquale. With a frantic look off toward the cemetery, he went into the house. He was back quickly and in his hand was his dead mother's black lace mantilla, a white lily and a hammer and nail. On the front of the veranda he pounded the nail through the stem of the lily, the mantilla, and into the post, then stepped back to see his work, saying, "It is such a little trick, yet they will all be quiet when they see this sign of death, thinking someone has died within. Before they learn it is a trick, the day will be over and Señor Whitney will have all his work done. Oh, forgive me, *Nuestra Señora*!"

In the distance the singing grew faint,

then came on even more loudly. The procession wound into the square, still singing. With an abruptness that hushed even the echo the singing ceased entirely. A faint smile lighted Pasquale's face but vanished when he saw Maria. She had broken from the crowd and came running to him across the square.

"Pasquale, oh Pasquale, who has died? Is it Meestair Whitney?"

She stood before Pasquale and it pained him to see the sadness that his ruse caused her. Before he could reply they both heard the cry, "Pasquale!" from the room above.

"Coming, Señor!" Pasquale turned to Maria. "See, it is not the Señor. Come, we will go to him."

Maria followed Pasquale up the steps and into the room.

"Oh, Pasquale . . ."

Stretched out half on the bed, a broken glass just beyond the tapering and twisting fingers, lay Mr. Whitney. Pasquale stepped toward him and saw the purple and reddish color of the fat folds of skin that ended in the slack mouth and chin. And in the patch of color he saw the eyes rolled up and the whites finely veined and red.

"Pasquale," Maria shouted, "he is dying! Run for Padre Pedro!"

Pasquale ran, his sombrero flopping off his head to lie on the stairs as if to mark his going. The villagers huddled together, watched him fly across the square, and knelt when he came back carrying a lighted candle and followed by Padre Pedro.

MARIA had not moved from the balcony entrance. She stepped aside to let Pasquale and the priest enter the room. Inside Padre Pedro was quick and sure, bending over Mr. Whitney, speaking quietly but firmly. Pasquale and Maria waited in silence on the balcony. It was evening, time for the day's last angelus, before Padre Pedro joined them.

"Poor man," he said, "perhaps he is now at peace. Such a one always has a great noise within himself."

Pasquale bowed his head, left Maria's side, and crossed slowly over to the church. He reached into his pocket, took out some money, counted it, and said, "I'll burn ten candles for him—have Masses read—and then I'll buy a new rope for the bell. Maria will not mind waiting for the marriage."

There was even a jauntiness about the sadness of Pasquale. Somehow, he felt, he had succeeded in making the last hours of Señor Whitney peaceful and quiet, and now the good God would make all the hours peaceful for him. Pasquale went into the silent church and was content beneath the statues and the shadows.

In wartime, the Church acquires many friends and converts, because the public sees her as she is. After the war, bigots must work harder to distort this favorable picture. They have to sling a lot of mud. They do

An Anatomy of Bigotry

by **JOHN S. KENNEDY**

ANTI-CATHOLIC prejudice and propaganda are not, like flying saucers, peculiar to the United States and the twentieth century. As long as Catholicism has existed, wherever Catholicism has existed, they have existed. They constitute a kind of fifth mark of the Church, and their disappearance might well be taken as an infallible indication that the Church had ceased to be what her Founder intended. Did He not bluntly say to the very first Catholics, and through them to the Catholics of every epoch, "Woe to you when all men speak well of you. . . . If the world hates you, know that it has hated me before you. . . . If they have persecuted Me, they will persecute you also. . . . The hour is coming for everyone who kills you to think that he is offering worship to God?"

This fact must be steadily borne in mind when one attempts to assess and cope with manifestations of the perennial anti-Catholic spirit in American life today. The grotesque and wounding injustice of the animus against us naturally pains and riles us. But we must realize that it is sterling witness to the Church's

strict fidelity to its charter, as well as fresh evidence of the sempiternal fascination which the Catholic Thing exerts even on those most vociferous in their expressions of derision and loathing. No one mounts a rostrum in Kankakee to excoriate the Anabaptists; no one fires, from a Teachers College study, a broadside against the Monophysites; no one stands shivering on a windy Market Street corner to peddle pamphlets exposing the wickedness of the Semipelagians. Today as yesterday (and so will it be tomorrow), the world's hostility attests the aliveness of Catholicism, its identification with the Crucified.

What is the point, then, of running a lengthy series of articles on anti-Catholic agitation? I take it that the principal motive for the series now closing has been to demonstrate the illegitimate origin and monstrous constitution of the charges leveled at the Catholic

Church in our own country, in our own time. And this, not so much to free the Catholic body from the lash of lies and hate with which it has been scourged for almost two millennia, as, first, to free the sincere and well-intentioned non-Catholic from the blindfold of deception and, secondly, to free the incomparable force of Catholicism from the fetters of insidious opposition which keep it from playing its part in rehabilitating a mortally imperiled society for non-Catholics and Catholics alike.

It is for this double and altruistic reason that we have been asking, "Why is it that, in the middle of the tragic twentieth century, just as the disaster-hammered world at large and the pivotal Western world in particular require the light and leading which only the Church can give, there has been a furious eruption of anti-Catholic activity in the United States?"



BIGOTRY IN THE U.S.A.

The McCollums fought against God and the Catholic Church

Religious News photo

We have sifted history in trying to answer the question. The present hullabaloo has all too many precedents in the annals of an America settled when savage religious warfare gripped the old world, precedents to be found especially in periods of intense ferment and violent stress on this continent. Thus, in critical times for the New England colonies, "Break-the-Pope's-Neck" was a favorite game at school recess. One of the principal GI amusements in the battered Continental Army was burning the Pope in effigy. Political and economic turmoil in the nineteenth century repeatedly spawned anti-Catholic parties and nativist movements. In the feverishly disordered 'twenties of our own century, the Ku Klux Klan fattened its treasury by thundering to the bewildered and discontented horrifying details of the Catholic plot to put America in thrall.

It is significant, surely, that the present epidemic stage of bigotry occurs in a period of strain, vexation, and fear, just after the worst war we have known—to date. There is always a let-down, a flagellant feeling of being thwarted, in the wake of a war. For the years that a conflict lasts, the accent is exclusively on military victory, and in order to focus attention and energy there, it is irresponsibly alleged that, once our arms have prevailed, all our problems will have been magically solved.

The stark fact, never so punishingly true as now, is that war, even if victorious, effects major social dislocation. Those who have been promised perfect peace are incensed to find themselves subject to greater harassment and more exacting demands. They are ripe for persuasion that some group, concrete

and within easy reach, is accountable for their principal troubles. Nor are there lacking those to offer such persuasion. Consider the postwar social clashes in every country about which we have information. One group becomes a scapegoat, a whipping boy, a means of venting spleen. Such was the role assigned to Catholics here, as might easily have been foreknown in the light of history, whether our own, that of ancient Rome, or that of innumerable other nations in innumerable other eras.

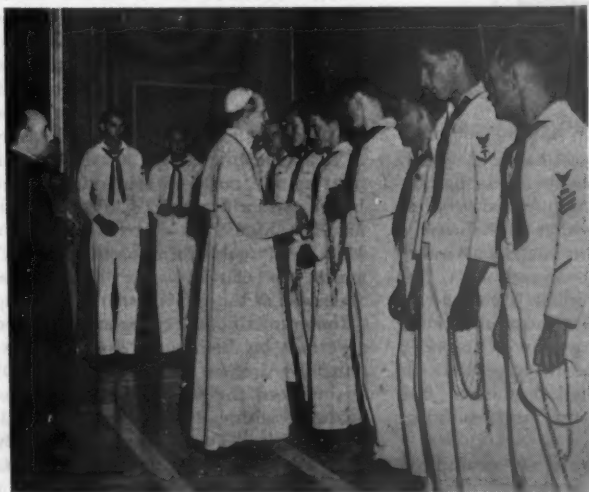
But there are other factors to be noted in this postwar explosion. First, American Catholics, increasing in numbers and prominence for decades, made an extraordinary record in the war. For reasons readily surmised (invidious on the part of some, discreet on the part of others), this has been played down. But the undisguisable fact of it served to raise to a record altitude the hackles of that psychopathic fowl, that bird of ill-omen as long-lived as it is small-minded and vile-tempered, American bigotry.

A LARGE part of our fighting forces in all branches was Catholic. In some services Catholics were manifestly a majority, a representation entirely out of proportion to Catholic representation in the population. Moreover, Catholics among the conscientious objectors were few, and, in the ranks of the traitors who did Axis propaganda work or stole the most precious military secrets for the Soviets, Catholics were conspicuous by their absence. Still again, Catholic chaplains distinguished themselves for their devotion and heroism. Tens of thousands of non-Catholic Americans who had never come in touch with a

priest, and perhaps had fantastic misconceptions concerning the Church and the clergy, now met the latter in person and learned something of the former at first hand and in action. The result was a host of conversions and a widespread routing of erroneous ideas and irrational bias.

All this was of the most acute concern to the professional enemies of Catholicism. It prompted one of their leaders to remark that, rather than risk any repetition of such an opportunity for Catholicism to be seen at close quarters and plain by young American non-Catholics, he would work ruthlessly for abolition of chaplain service in any form whatsoever. Others of his ilk did not share this extreme view, but the event has shown that they determined to do what they could to cancel out the fair repute into which Catholicism had come with great numbers of servicemen and their families.

Secondly, Americans, though all of immigrant stock in some generation, do not as a rule understand Europe and are unhappy over repeated involvement in wars of European origin. They long for some drastic and final solution of Europe's ills which will allow them to stay peacefully at home. Ignorance and a desire to be quit of transatlantic troubles induced them to listen to such supposed experts as Van Paassen, Borgese, Salvemini, LaPiano, et al., who, in books, magazine articles, speeches, incessantly suggested that the root evil in Europe was Catholicism. If only the Church could be at least put under stringent restraint, then Europe would know enduring peace. This was a pre-



U. S. servicemen in audience with Holy Father. Non-Catholics fail to find any mark of the monster



Mass on a beachhead in France. The kind of thing that opened the eyes of the misinformed

posteriorous, as well as malicious, sophistry, but it was drilled into Americans baffled and resentful because of the necessity of periodically going to fight on the Continent.

Thirdly, the Soviets definitely had a hand in sparking the postwar onslaught on Catholicism in America. Someday someone will, I hope, give us a fully documented study of the contribution of the Soviets, their agents, and their dupes, to current anti-Catholic excitement and enterprise. Meanwhile we can make a note of the fact that *The Nation*, in which Paul Blanshard's diatribes against the Church originated, has had the finger put on it by two prominent liberals. Clement Greenberg, once a member of the staff, has said that the column of its foreign editor, J. Alvarez del Vayo, "invariably parallels . . . Soviet propaganda. . . . His column has become a medium through which arguments remarkably like those which the Stalin regime itself advances are transmitted in a more plausible form to the American public." And Granville Hicks declares that the magazine "in some sense serves today as an apologist for Soviet Russia."

Nor should we forget Kenneth Leslie's *The Protestant* magazine. Lately it was baldly styled "a Communist publication" by the California Committee on Un-American Activities. At any rate, it combined in its heyday unqualified support of Stalinism and systematic denigration of Catholicism. Issue after issue raised false questions and planted false doubts concerning the Catholic Church, its nature, its aims, and the compatibility of Catholicism and democracy. This served Stalin superlatively well: (1) by diverting attention from the nature, aims, and especially the hypocrisy of the democratic pretensions and the actuality of the imperialistic totalitarianism of Stalinism; (2) by tending to discredit Catholicism, with its most incisive critique of, and its most determined and effective opposition to, the Soviet conspiracy against mankind; (3) by dividing Americans on a fictitious issue and setting them to distrusting, maligning, and battling one another at precisely the moment when they desperately needed to be firmly united against the murderous enemy of all of them.

Some non-Catholics saw through the trick, and it was said, by way of reassurance, that *The Protestant* was less representative of American Protestantism than the three tailors of Tooley Street were of the people of England in whose name they presumed to speak. Yet Leslie managed to finagle thousands of Protestant ministers into signing strangely slanted manifestoes of his concoction. For example, in my own city of Hartford, there appeared a full-page newspaper advertisement calumniating pa-

rochial schools as intrinsically anti-Semitic and therefore intrinsically anti-American. To this wildly inflammatory canard a regiment of ministers set their names, under the Christian shepherding of the Soviet-abetting *Protestant*.

Further, *The Protestant* succeeded in winning words of favor, more precious than rubies, from persons highly placed in public life and powerful in molding public opinion. It loudly broadcast the endorsement of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, later retracted but only after considerable benefit had been reaped by the magazine. As far as I know, Harold L. Ickes never withdrew his patronage. And these were but a few of the reverberant names used to convince the American people that *The Protestant* was dauntlessly telling the exact truth as it smeared Catholicism and gave wholesale aid and comfort to the arch-assassin of human personality.

To the knowledgeable observer, it is not astounding that the highly peculiar *Protestant* could hornswoggle phalanxes



Freda Kirchway, *The Nation* editor and sponsor of Paul Blanshard

of divines and celebrities. In the main, these people were believers, as passionate as naïve, in the mystique of Progress. One of its tenets is that Catholicism is synonymous with the smelly backwaters of reaction and obscurantism. At the same time most of them thought that the Soviet Union was intrepidly riding the wave of the future out in the open sea. In some measure they accepted the dogmas of Scientism, Secularism, and Statism, and that is the fourth point to be stressed.

By Scientism is meant the assumption that physical science exhausts what is knowable and, indeed, what exists, and that it is not merely a set of methods

REV. JOHN S. KENNEDY, well-known writer and lecturer, is Associate Editor of the *Catholic Transcript*, Hartford, and an outstanding literary critic.

but a philosophy, a theology, and a morality supplanting all others and capable of entirely explaining and completely ordering human life. By Secularism is meant the assumption that this world is all, that the spiritual, and therefore the supernatural, is a punctured myth, that the earthbound organism known as man is an autonomous being, making up his truth and his law as the convenience of the moment suggests. By Statism is meant the assumption that the collectivity is supreme, the source of life and the end of life, the seat of ultimate authority and the monopolizer of initiative, the determiner of good and evil and the disposer of individual existence. Catholicism opposes these pernicious ideas, therefore Catholicism must be opposed.

But how could Christians swallow such poison? The sad fact is that countless Americans have reached a post-Christian stage. For example, a minister took the stand in court to help Vashti McCollum stop the use of public school rooms for religious instruction. According to his testimony, he held and taught that the story of Christ has the same historicity as the story of Santa Claus. Later he apologized to his congregation. As Mrs. McCollum puts it, he said "that the question as to the comparative proof of the existence of Jesus and Santa Claus had been sprung on him suddenly and he hadn't had time to give it due consideration. Since then, he said, he'd done a little historical research and found that he was wrong. He had found that there was some evidence for belief in the existence of Santa Claus."

This mentality, not at all uncommon in the pulpit and the pews, is clearly incapable of discerning the seminal rearrangements of our day or of appreciating the Catholic course in their regard, and, just as clearly, it is effortlessly won to assaulting Catholicism and accepting a dehumanizing doctrine and system wearing the guise of humanitarianism. In his extraordinary book, *The Pillar of Fire*, Dr. Karl Stern describes the "non-Marxist or 'cold' form of materialism" which post-Christians in the United States see as the new messianism, saying "Human affairs have long enough been governed by Belief, let them be governed by Science and Usefulness." Of this notion, the author, intimately acquainted with both Marxism and Nazism, remarks, "To my mind there is only one form of society worse than the Marxist or Fascist one—that is precisely such a 'scientific' society. . . . It is this scientism

(Continued on page 66)



Bishop Barroso

Dear Saint Sebastian:

Though they lived centuries apart, and arrows
gave way to bullets, there is a great similarity
between Saint Sebastian and the fearless
Bishop Barroso, modern martyr of Spain

by **HELEN WALKER HOMAN**

DEAR Saint Sebastian:

From the time I was little, I have loved you; meeting you so frequently as artists have painted you, a handsome young man helplessly bound, your poor body pierced everywhere with the arrows shot by the archers of the Emperor Diocletian. But it was only the other day that I came to know you as the great protector against the plague and learned that in its recurrence throughout history, recourse to you by the faithful has saved whole cities from its dreadful ravages.

So now I am writing you urgently at a time when the worst plague in history is sweeping the world, to ask you to save us. It is truly a Black Plague, Saint Sebastian—this diabolical infection called Communism. It is not a city that I ask you to save; it is the world. For those of us who know you feel that this plague above all others, you will wish to arrest—since its purpose is to destroy the Kingdom of Christ upon earth which you died gloriously to preserve. That was in the year 286.

Of course you know about the millions who, some sixteen hundred years later, have been dying for the same cause in this, our Second Age of Martyrdom. You will remember that this plague attacked Spain viciously in the years 1936 to 1939; years when modern Christian martyrs in that basically Christian land died by the thousands at the hands of those infected—died as you did, because they believed in Jesus Christ.

Among all these there was one to whom you must feel particularly drawn, not only because the manner of his mar-

tyrdom was not unlike your own, but because his persistence in teaching the doctrine of Christ in the face of those determined upon its destruction was very like your own persistence. I think of him so often, Saint Sebastian, in these days when the Communist accordion emitting the dissonance of hell is heard far and wide across the globe. He is, as no doubt by this time you have guessed, His Excellency, Bishop Florentino Asensio Barroso, late Bishop of Barbastro. That does seem a long title for so simple and so humble a man. Undoubtedly you know him in Heaven by a name much simpler.

Brave and unflinching in his "testimony" to the end, you must have been very glad to welcome him, Saint Sebastian. For when in 1936 the plague-carrier Communists heartlessly left him there to bleed to death in the cemetery of Barbastro, you would have recalled how the pagan archers had left you to bleed to death on the Campus Martius of Rome in the year 286.

It is absorbing to reflect how often Our Lord selects as shepherds of His flock, the simple ones of earth. Who, for instance, would have dreamed that the little son born on October 16, 1877, to Don Jacinto Asensio and Dona Gabina Barroso, the humble shopkeeper and his wife of the town of Villaseñor in Spain, would one day be consecrated a Bishop? Probably if at that time such a prophecy had been made to his mother, she would have dropped the infant from sheer awe. For the parents were extremely religious.

In his childhood years, three marked characteristics developed—his ability as a student, an inimitable humor, and his early call to the priesthood. It was very shortly after he received his first Holy Communion, at the age of ten, that he knew what God wanted of him. He was only twenty-four when in 1901 he was ordained to the priesthood.

It is significant that on his first assignment, in the little town of Villaverde, he indicated definitely the course he had chosen for his priestly career—dedication to the sick, the poor, and the penitent; indefatigable effort in teaching Christian Doctrine. His love for humanity and his patient skill in the confessional began to win penitents from far and near. When he launched his famous "Bread-for-the-Poor" campaign, those in want knew that in the young padre they had a true father.

IT was not long before word of the sanctity of the obscure young priest reached the ears of the Cardinal-Archbishop, Dr. Cos, in Valladolid, who startled everyone by appointing him his personal chaplain. Steadily up the ecclesiastical ladder he rose, this son of a village shopkeeper upon whom the Cardinal came increasingly to depend.

When the Cardinal's successor appointed Father Florentino rector of Valladolid's Cathedral, there began those long and fruitful years of preaching and expounding the Christian Doctrine. It is said, Saint Sebastian, that the cathedral was always crowded to the doors when he preached; that people came from

long distances to hear him. There was something about the simplicity of Padre Florentino's sermons that won all hearts.

At this period in Spain, in the early nineteen twenties, the attention of the Church was becoming increasingly centered upon the problems of the workers. For thirteen years Father Florentino was indefatigable as counselor to a large group of women workers. The organization grew and expanded, doing its much needed work—and at least in that corner of Valladolid, an immunity to the deadly germ of Communism had been built up.

One day in October of 1935 he was suddenly called to Avila, where Monsignor Tedeschini informed him that the Holy Father had determined to name him Bishop of Barbastro. Humble and simple as he was, Saint Sebastian, one can imagine his consternation. He was consecrated Bishop Florentino Asensio Barroso, Bishop of Barbastro, on January 26, 1936. His humility only increased. He could never remember to take the precedence accorded to a Bishop. Sometimes in those days, when alone with his friends, he would sigh, and ask: "And all this, for what?" He did not know then, Saint Sebastian, that it was for something glorious; for Christian martyrdom. And yet he had always revered the early martyrs with deep devotion. Many had often heard him say: "To give one's life for Christ is the greatest thing one can do in the world!"

It was almost two months after his consecration—months in which matters in faraway Barbastro had grown very bad indeed—that the new bishop was able to leave Valladolid to take over his diocese. And only on that last day, with his saddened friends about him, did he seem to have a premonition of what was to befall. For when one of them protested that he would be entering a dangerous land, he said simply: "What of that? If it comes to being killed, I will only enter Heaven all the sooner!"

YET Bishop Barroso had no idea then, Saint Sebastian, how very soon that would be. Nor how infected with the fatal plague was his diocese, lying off there in the Pyrenees—the small city of Barbastro, and the widely flung villages comprising something under two hundred parishes.

With his household, he arrived in Barbastro on the fourteenth of March, 1936—an evil hour in Spain. Quietly and unostentatiously he took over the episcopal palace; and significantly selected as the theme for his first sermon in the Cathedral: "There shall be one flock, and one Shepherd." But he had come too late. The Black Plague of Communism had stricken the flock and scattered it. Abuse and sacrilege met Bishop

Barroso's Good Shepherd at every turn.

The meetings to which the Bishop immediately called all the priests of his diocese revealed a state of affairs ripe for revolution. Not only was there great poverty among the people of hills and city; not only was there a dearth of priests and many empty churches; not only were the priests themselves hungry and threadbare; but the seminary of Barbastro, the fountainhead of religion in all the diocese, was threatened with destruction.

Could any bishop have been presented with a more discouraging picture? But the accounts relate that he set to work



St. Sebastian, from the painting of Guido Reni

with accelerated vigor, providing food for the poor, organizing centers of Christian Doctrine with regular meetings in each parish, assembling all the children for instructions in preparation for their first Holy Communion. Never before had the diocese of Barbastro seen such progress. The very Cathedral seemed to smile; but the smile on the face of Bishop Florentino appeared less frequently. From signs and portents, he knew that he had come too late. And already he loved these people. Could he but save them!

Then in May came the long-threatened attack upon the seminary. The plague-infected mob completely demolished it. By this time everyone must have been thinking that the Bishop's palace would be next. But if Bishop Florentino thought so, he gave no sign. Bravely, his first Pastoral Letter had appeared in

April—a re-emphasis of his opening sermon, "One Flock and One Shepherd." Now, immediately following the tragedy of the seminary, appeared his second and last—a moving plea for re-Christianization of the diocese, with the Catechism as foundation. But it was still too late.

FOR in Barbastro enemies of Christ had been too long and too carefully nurturing the germs of the Black Plague called Communism. At dawn on Sunday, July 19, the revolution took over Barbastro. One thinks of the holy man who was its Bishop, hearing the first tumult in the streets—understanding that it had come at last. Feverishly he hurried into his clothes. He must give an example of courage. It was the feast day of Saint Vincent de Paul, he remembered, and he had promised to celebrate Mass at the school dedicated to that Saint. He would openly leave the palace and walk to the school. Brushing off the protests of his frightened household, in no time he was in the thick of the seething streets. Miraculously, no one molested him. As he hurried to the school, the thought came to him that it had only been four months since he arrived in Barbastro to take over the spiritual leadership of this tumultuous throng. The sound of firing came to him from a nearby street. Obviously, he hadn't been very successful. And I can imagine that he enjoyed a little rueful smile at his own expense.

In spite of the tumult, a small devoted group waited in the chapel. Never had he said Mass more reverently. The frightened little group was comforted and consoled. And somehow he got back unharmed to his residence.

A few hours later at noon, word reached him that one of his priests, Father José Martinez, had been arrested and imprisoned. Immediately he sent his vicar-general, the Reverend Félix Sanz, to the Municipal Council to issue a formal protest. Father Sanz never returned. With several other priests and laymen on that terrible Sunday, he was seized and held prisoner. Finally in the late afternoon, the Municipal Council sent its reply to his message. He was informed that not only was Father Sanz a prisoner, but that he himself was the prisoner of the Council and forbidden to leave his palace. Events had moved very rapidly in the city of Barbastro on that hot Sunday in July of 1936.

Monday and Tuesday passed with ever more alarming tidings. And then on Wednesday, there came two men, knocking on his door. He was told that his palace was needed to serve as a jail; that he must come quickly and just as he was, without any luggage—he, his steward, and his chaplain.

From then on it was all so terrible, Saint Sebastian, that my fingers falter as I try to write—and yet it belongs to the story of Bishop Barroso and I must write it, if only to tell you what a rich banner of courage he flung out for the inspiration of Christians everywhere. As awful as had been the events up to now, they were to sink that same afternoon to even lower depths.

For there marched into town a section of the Communist-led revolutionary army, and with it those horrible creatures—a species of harpy—those women dressed as men and, alas, inflamed with a savagery unequalled in man. At the head of the column, walked a man, the Communist leader Durruti. The Marxist army, having sent their agents in advance, now took over Barbastro. This was a section of the army about which we used to read in our newspapers here, Saint Sebastian—and which, in that either badly informed or unduly influenced press, was dubbed with unconscious irony, “the Loyalist Army.” When one now considers their purpose and their deeds, one could laugh outright but for the fact that they perpetrated one of the blackest tragedies of history. . . .

There was no sleep that night. Outside in the streets, the Communist mob howled and swirled like demons, in and out of the churches, smashing images and shrines, pillaging, spreading sacrilege and desecration. The Black Plague was raging with the fury of hell. From a window, the Bishop looked sadly down upon his city of Barbastro, and prayed.

I do not know on which one of the horrible days that followed that Durruti demanded the death of the Bishop. Ordered to appear before a Soviet tribunal, he was accused of holding meetings with two deputies of the Cortes. He serenely agreed this was true; but that the meetings had not been of a political nature. They had merely discussed the seminary. Considering what had happened to the seminary, this was all Durruti needed.

IT was the night of August 8 when he was again called before the tribunal. How weary he must have been after the three long weeks as a prisoner, sleeping on the floor, denied access to his personal belongings, suffering every discomfort while tenderly consoling his unhappy companions.

It is said that there was a room in the Council building known as the “Rastrillo”—a place of detention for prisoners. Here he spent the night; and here his torture was consummated. It is not related how many Communists—members of that “Loyalist” army—came in and out throughout the night; came to revile and insult him. Nor how many

SONG

by JOSEPH F. MURPHY

*God I have not found
Though I hear His sound.
God I long to see
Clear of mystery.*

*God is surely here
God is everywhere.
Daylight is His own;
Darkness is His throne.*

*Vision is not mine;
He and I combine.
Tree and bird and leaf
Bolster my belief.*

*God I have not seen
With the world between.
God is wise to keep
Wonder in His sheep.*

entered there to beat him. But it is related that all these things were perpetrated on the gentle shepherd who now lacked but a year of being sixty. Insults, kicks, and beatings were showered on that elderly man—and more. He was cut and tortured, Saint Sebastian, in ways that must remain nameless. For that was the level on which they moved. This was the Communist philosophy carried to its logical end, the diabolical.

WHEN two o'clock came, his wounds were so grievous he could not walk to his martyrdom; so a hasty therapy was rendered—just sufficient to enable him to walk. Then with several other victims he was led out to the cemetery of Barbastro—the cemetery of his episcopal city. And as he stumbled along over the dim road, ignoring the terrible pain, the gibes and insults of his guards, witnesses relate that he kept repeating:

“What a beautiful night for me! I am going to the house of my Lord.”

And when they shoved and kicked him along, he said:

“I forgive you! I forgive you all! I forgive everyone. When I am in Heaven, I shall pray for you.”

Are not those the signs of the true martyr?

The scene at the cemetery is one that has dwelt in horror with me for a long time, Saint Sebastian. Again, my fingers falter—but the vivid picture which haunts me must be set down. I can almost smell the damp earth of that eerie place in the pre-dawn air, as I watch the Communists line up their victims near the cemetery chapel. They place one behind another, close together, in a file. That is because the “Loyalist” captain has been boasting all along the way that he need not waste many bullets on them. He is a crack-shot, he is. He will kill them all, with one bullet.

And so the single shot rang out. And each man in the file fell from the one

bullet. But the Communist captain was not such a good shot, after all. For one in the line wasn't dead. He lay there groaning and bleeding profusely. Oh, it was only that reactionary old Bishop! Well, let him bleed to death. . . . And so for two long hours he lay there in agony as the life-blood flowed from him, conscious—and over and over again blessing his enemies. What a “testimony,” Saint Sebastian!

“I forgive, I forgive,” he murmured. And then weakly: “My Father, open soon to me the door of Heaven!” Perhaps it was those words which caused a “good-natured” Communist guard extravagantly to waste another bullet, and so end his sufferings. After all, he had put on a good “show” for them. . . .

THEY enjoyed the show, just as the pagans of Rome six centuries earlier had enjoyed the show of watching you bleed to death on the Campus Martius from the wounds of a hundred arrows. And so you had entered into the glory of one of the greatest Christian martyrdoms of all times.

Dear Bishop Barroso must have thought much upon your story, as he prayed there in the prison schoolhouse of Barbastro—for by then he knew that he was being called to Christian martyrdom in the year 1936, as you had been called in the year 286. He would have remembered the young Sebastian whose story is preserved in the Roman Martyrology; and have reflected with admiration that while he was being called to “testify” after a fruitful life at the age of fifty-nine, you were still a youth when the sharp arrows drained your blood. But particularly would he have recalled how, as an officer of the imperial bodyguard and a Christian convert, you had gone in and out of the prisons, consoling those Christians who awaited torture and death—strengthening their faith and fortitude by expounding again to them the precepts of the Christian Doctrine. That emphasis upon the doctrine! Ah, that was what he himself had considered so important. For the doctrine is such that neither the paganism of ancient Rome, nor the Communism of today—basically the same thing—can long survive where it is preached.

And finally, dear Saint Sebastian, he would have appealed to you, as do I, to preserve the world from the Black Plague called Communism which has enslaved so much of God's earth and has brought about this Second Age of Martyrdom.

HELEN WALKER HOMAN is author of *By Post to the Apostles* and other well-known books. This article will be a chapter in *Letters to the Martyrs*, scheduled for Fall publication by David McKay Publishing Co.



Bill Callahan and Dr. Josephine Callan in the Catholic University presentation of "The Madwoman of Chaillot"

Stage and Screen

by
**JERRY
COTTER**

The Theater Season

The period of footlight history representing the '50-'51 season was not noted for technical brilliance or spiritual recrudescence. New playwrights and new ideas were conspicuously absent from the scene. For the most part, the new plays were uninspired and unsuccessful. Once again it remained for the actors to make valiant attempts at redeeming lost causes.

Each season it becomes more apparent that the dramatic renaissance we have long awaited is not going to materialize on Broadway. Instead it will probably come through the imagination, the skill, and the enthusiasm of the college workshops, the active Little Theater groups, and those who look on the theater as more than a stepping-stone or a cash box. The often unsung work of such groups is the most heartening sign on a dismal horizon.

Outstanding among them is Catholic University Theater, which, with the School of Speech and Drama, has maintained consistently high standards both in theory and practice. The active and progressive C.U. theater workers, headed by Father Gilbert Hartke, O.P., have a distinguished record of achievement in the fourteen years since the project was instituted.

In that time many ideas and people have gone on to Broad-

way, to Hollywood, and to Radio City. An entirely new concept of a "Catholic" theater has been created and new paths have been paved for others to follow. The classics, original plays, musicals, and experimental dramas have found wide audience and skillful interpretation at Catholic University. For the invaluable contribution the Catholic University Theater has made in the encouragement of a Christian spirit in the theater, and for its impressive record of technical achievement, THE SIGN is happy to present to The Catholic University School of Speech and Drama, the Ninth Annual Sign Drama Award.

Back on Broadway, a brief resumé of the season just ended uncovers few memorable moments. Sidney Kingsley's adaptation of Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* provided the dramatic highlight, while *The King and I*, the Rodgers and Hammerstein version of *Anna and the King of Siam*, was the most enjoyable musical.

Philip Barry's posthumous *Second Threshold* offered provocative passages, and A. B. Shrifin's *Angel in the Pawnshop* provided some delightful fantasy. Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not for Burning* was a stirring poetic drama, and the revival of Marc Connelly's *Green Pastures* was delightful.

THE SIGN

Billy Budd, by Louis Coxé and Robert Chapman, was an interesting idea though not well developed, and Michael Molloy's *The King of Friday's Men*, imported from the Abbey Theater by Michael Grace, deserved wider appreciation than it received. So did *Ti-Coq*, a French-Canadian play of unusual texture and merit.

Blackfriars Guild maintained its high standards, with *Open the Gates*, a Passion Play with music, and *Angel with Red Hair*, a pleasantly set up comedy. ANTA, despite its well-publicized debut, offered a dull group of ten plays. Stimulating performances and dull writing characterized the program.

On the performance side the canvas is brighter. Eddie Dowling, Paul Kelly, Judith Anderson, Shirley Booth, Celeste Holm, Ethel Merman, Lillian Gish, Jessica Tandy, Evelyn Varden, Basil Rathbone, Josephine Hull, Louis Calhern, Ruth Hussey, Claude Rains, Joan MacCracken, Dennis King, Leo Carroll, Patricia Collinge, Barbara Bel Geddes, William Marshall, Gertrude Lawrence, and Yul Brynner were outstanding. Among the newcomers, Marcia Van Dyke, Johnny Johnston, Maggie McNamara, John Ericson, Hugh Reilly, Charles Nolte, Isabel Bigley, Doretta Morrow, and Walter Palance exhibited promise.

With them must be listed players from other countries: Fridolin of Canada, Walter Macken of the Abbey Theater, who is also a fine novelist, Katina Paxinou of Greece, and the usual large British contingent, including Flora Robson, Clive Brook, Edith Evans, Lilli Palmer, John Gielgud, Pamela Brown, and Cyril Ritchard.

The New Plays

Written in a Nazi prisoner-of-war camp, STALAG 17 abounds in authentic touches, the buffoonery that has become a GI trademark, and highly melodramatic moments. The action centers around the efforts of some imprisoned airmen to track down a spy in their midst. The humor is usually ribald, occasionally to the point of coarseness. This may be good reportorial technique, but not necessarily good theater. Suspense is cleverly pyramided by author Don Bevan and Edmund Trzcinski, who penned their play while "guests" of the Nazis during World War II. First-rate performances by the all-male cast, with John Ericson, Robert Strauss, and Lawrence Hugo outstanding, plus realistic staging compensate in some degree for the authors' inability to decide whether they were writing a comedy or a melodrama.

GRAMERCY GHOST doesn't rate with the immortal phantom tales but does account for a few chuckles in detailing a

cosmic romance between a modern miss and an ancient ghost. The wraith in the affair is a Revolutionary War soldier, bottled up in an exclusive area of New York known as Gramercy Park. Their love story is complicated by the fact that the young lady has two ardent 1951 swains who resent the ghostly competition. There you have it, and in all truth it isn't very much. Sarah Churchill in her Broadway debut doesn't look like father but does have his forthright approach to a line; Robert Sterling is a movie-style reporter; Robert Smith parodies the stuffy young man of wealth; Mabel Paige is a typical bustling family retainer; and Richard Waring is quite the most elegant spook you'll find anywhere. They all do what they can with Author John Cecil Holm's dialogue—but it never seems quite enough. Even believing in ghosts won't help very much!

Balance the assets against the liabilities, and the scales tip against FLAHOOLEY, a cumbersome piece of whimsy that never quite manages to overcome a tiresome libretto. There are touches of impish fancy here and there, a few melodic numbers in the score, and some very clever puppeteering by the Bairds, but they cannot compensate for the production's infirmities. E. Y. Harburg and Fred Saidy, the authors responsible for *Finian's Rainbow*, approach their theme with considerable imagination and have persuaded producer Cheryl Crawford to clothe it in bright, vivid colors and opulent trimmings. Unfortunately, the theme itself isn't worth the trouble, nor is the manner in which the authors handle it. Seemingly more concerned with the delivery of some political pleas, such as overproduction and the end of "witch hunts," the authors allow their story line to become hopelessly tangled and awfully tedious. But the clever tricks of the production, such as the amiable puppets devised and operated by Bil and Cora Baird, the pleasant contributions of Barbara Cook and Jerome Courtlandt in the romantic leads, the vocal gymnastics of Yma Sumac, and the eye-filling costumes help counteract the monotony of the script.

Reviews in Brief

JIM THORPE—ALL AMERICAN is a mild salute for the great Indian athlete. Skimming over such subjects as racial prejudice, miscegenation, social injustice, and divorce, the film follows Thorpe's career from his childhood on an Oklahoma reservation, through a period of world acclaim, and then on the alcohol toboggan to oblivion. There is a Frank Merriwell quality to the script which detracts from its appeal to mature audiences, but in general the story is a faithful recreation of an ill-starred career. Burt Lancaster is properly



★ Ethel Barrymore with Maurice Evans, Keenan Wynn, and Angela Lansbury in "Kind Lady"



★ Piper Laurie, Donald O'Connor, and Cecil Kellaway with the star of "Francis Goes to the Races"

stoic and lithe, Phyllis Thaxter is convincing as Mrs. Thorpe, and Charles Bickford is splendid as a leonine "Pop" Warner. Although the sports sequences offer some interest, the dramatic pace is too pedestrian to arouse any unusual audience enthusiasm. (Warner Brothers)

Ethel Barrymore has one of her most satisfying movie opportunities in *KIND LADY*, a grim study in malevolence. She is cast as a wealthy, warm-hearted English lady who lives to rue the day she offered help to an impoverished artist. The results of her charity are as strange and gripping as any mystery story ever spawned in a London fog. In his initial Hollywood appearance, Maurice Evans shares billing and honors with Miss Barrymore. Keenan Wynn, essaying villainy for the first time, is surprisingly deft, and there are graphic vignettes by Angela Lansbury, John Williams, Betsy Blair, and Doris Lloyd. This absorbing adult adaptation of the Grace George stage success is a spine chiller de luxe.

(M-G-M)

FRANCIS GOES TO THE RACES is a hilarious follow-up to the talking mule's misadventure with the Army. This episode has a racetrack setting, with Francis serving as unofficial advisor to horses and humans alike. He does more to wreck horseracing than the Kefauver Committee. This is for the entire family, with each slapstick incident parlaying into a laugh-packed finish. Donald O'Connor strikes the proper pixie note as the gabby mule's pal and confidant.

(Universal-International)

Sororities are given the "social menace" treatment in *TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE GIRL*, a slight comedy built around adolescent snobbery. The Greek-letter girls are depicted as silly youngsters who haven't yet emerged from juvenile cocoons. There is much to be said on the subject of sororities, pro and con. This barely scratches the surface and attempts to fill the gaps with collegiate-style humor, conventional romantic involvements, and an occasional profound phrase. Jeanne Crain, Dale Robertson, Jean Peters, and Betty Lynn are adequate in the leads of this adult frolic which contributes little to the current debate. (20th Century-Fox)

Hollywood itself provides the backdrop for an interesting mystery yarn built around the headlined William Desmond Taylor murder. *THE HOLLYWOOD STORY* is naturally more fiction than fact, with principal attention focused on a present-day movie producer who tries to solve an old murder. Some suspense is generated in the unreeling, but there is overemphasis on dialogue and the familiar aspects of movie-making. Francis X. Bushman heads a contingent of silent-screen luminaries, and Richard Conte tops the cast as the amateur Hawkshaw. Mildly exciting for the adult melodrama fans. (Universal-International)

Even though some of the dramatic lustre is tarnished in the third motion picture version of *SHOW BOAT*, the Jerome Kern score is still fresh, vibrant, and haunting. It more than compensates for the familiarity of the plot. In this production the famous old Cotton Blossom sparkles for the Technicolor camera, and "Cap'n Andy" bellows happily in the person of Joe E. Brown. Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel sing the leads with spirit, if not complete warmth, and Ava Gardner imparts the necessary dissolute touch to the role of "Julie." Two spirited dance sequences are contributed by Marge and Gower Champion, and William Warfield's rendition of the immortal "Old Man River" is magnificent. "Only Make Believe," "My Bill," and the rest of the beautiful Kern score have been excellently integrated and arranged. Adult audiences will find even the familiar moments acceptable and the musical interludes as delightful as ever. (M-G-M)

PASSAGE WEST hews closely to the lines of the Western formula, but it is deftly developed and intelligently presented. John Payne and Arlene Whelan also make their conventional characterizations brighter than the script provides. Excellent use of the Technicolor camera in the sweeping outdoor scenes and a swift-moving story serve to provide adult Western fans with a better than average feature. (Paramount)

Red Skelton's antics cover up many of the plot weaknesses in *EXCUSE MY DUST*, a Technicolor comedy with a turn-of-the-century theme. In it, Red appears as a young inventor with ideas for an automobile which will run on gas. Between the expected mishaps, the local doubters, and a complicated romance, Skelton has his hands full. A fairly amusing adult



★ Howard Keel and Kathryn Grayson play romantic leads in the Technicolor musical, "Show Boat"

show, it has some cleverly conceived musical interludes and good co-starring performances by Macdonald Carey and Sally Forrest. (M-G-M)

The motion picture version of Tennessee Williams' *A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE* faithfully mirrors the original stage production. It has been excellently set up in every department, with Vivien Leigh contributing a penetrating study of the neurotic, depraved woman. Kim Hunter and Marlon Brando from the theater cast are also excellent—but there the recommendations end. While Williams has sketched his unsavory characters with unstinting realism, this is not one of his best efforts. Nor is it particularly suited to the motion picture screen. This case history of a sordid episode is neither edifying nor entertaining. It is not recommended for any audience. (Warner Bros.)

Ray Milland presents an expertly shaded study of one man's reaction to a great tragedy in *NIGHT INTO MORNING*, a compactly designed adult drama. He is cast as a college professor who loses his wife and child when an explosion and fire destroy their home. The outward calm he maintains at first soon gives way to unreasoning grief, liquor, and an eventual suicide try. Although he is dissuaded from the latter, there is only slight attempt made to crystallize a sound spiritual solution. John Hodiak, Nancy Davis, Lewis Stone, Jean Hagen, and Rosemary de Camp are also excellent. (M-G-M)

Summer Playguide

The following classification of plays has been compiled from reviews appearing in *THE SIGN* and includes all productions

presented on Broadway during the 1950-51 season. It is printed in response to many requests for information about plays scheduled for summer theatre presentation.

FOR THE FAMILY: *Alice in Wonderland, Angel with Red Hair, Armor of Light, As You Like It, Design for a Stained Glass Window, Harriett, Howdy Mr. Ice, Janie, Jennie Kissed Me, Junior Miss, Lute Song, Me and Molly, Open the Gates, Peter Pan, Ramshackle Inn, Shake Hands with the Devil, Song of Norway, Ten Little Indians, That Winslow Boy, The Green Pastures, The Patriots, Yes M'Lord.*

FOR ADULTS: *An Inspector Calls, Angel in the Pawnshop, Anthony and Cleopatra, Antigone, Apple of His Eye, Arms and the Man, Arsenic and Old Lace, Best Foot Forward, Bloomer Girl, Blossom Time, Caesar and Cleopatra, Carmen Jones, Charley's Aunt, Craig's Wife, Cyrano de Bergerac, Darkness at Noon, Deep Mrs. Sykes, Edwina Black, Embezzled Heaven, Gentleman from Athens, Gramercy Ghost, Harvey, Henry VIII, I Remember Mama, In Time to Come, Jacobowsky and the Colonel, January Thaw, Lady Windermere's Fan, Let's Make an Opera, Life with Father, Life with Mother, Lost in the Stars, Man and Superman, Mary Rose, Medea, Minnie and Mr. Williams, Oklahoma, Othello, Porgy and Bess, Power without Glory, Pygmalion, Rebecca, Regina, Rosalinda, Show Boat, Spring Again, State of the Union, Sing Out Sweet Land, That Lady, The Cherry Orchard, The Closing Door, The Cocktail Party, The Consul, The Corn is Green, The Curious Savage, The Glass Menagerie, The Golden State, The Gypsy Lady, The Heiress, The High Ground, The Innocents, The King and I, The King of Friday's Men, The Late George Apley, The Magnificent Yankee, The Man, The Medium and the Telephone, The*



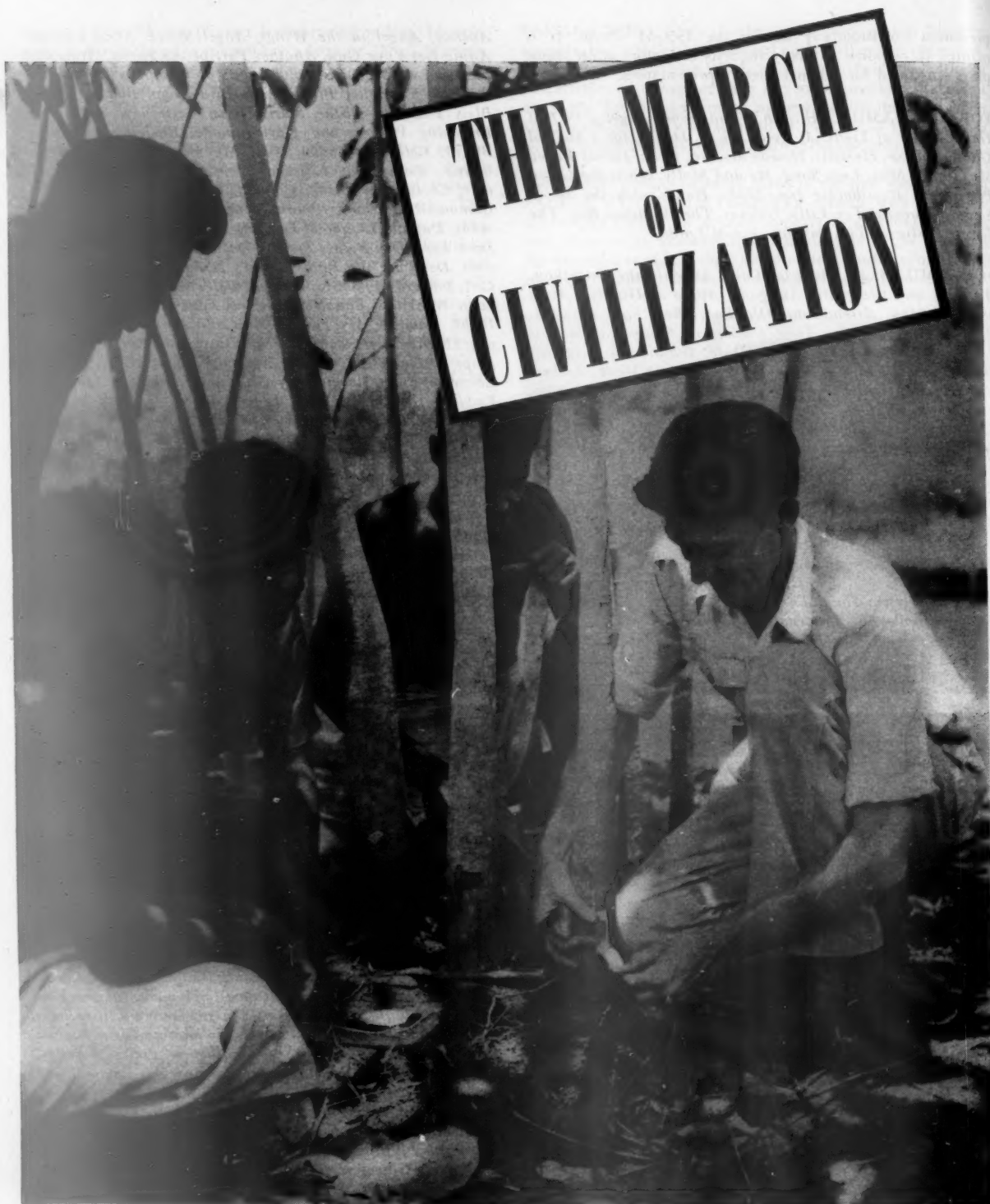
☆ Dale Robertson and Jeanne Crain take time out for a soda in "Take Care of My Little Girl"

Red Mill, The Vagabond King, The Velvet Glove, The Whole World Over, Therese, Ti-Coq, Tomorrow the World, Toplitzky of Notre Dame, Touch and Go, Up in Central Park, What Every Woman Knows, Where's Charley?, Winter's Tale, Without Love, Years Ago.

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE: *A Bell for Adano, A Phoenix Too Frequent, A Story for Sunday Evening, Affairs of State, Alive and Kicking, All for Love, All My Sons, All the King's Men, All You Need is One Good Break, Allegro, Along Fifth*

Avenue, Angel in the Wings, Angel Street, Anna Lucasta, Annie Get Your Gun, Another Part of the Forest, Arms and the Girl, As the Girls Go, Barretts of Wimpole Street, Bell, Book and Candle, Billy Budd, Bird Cage, Black Chiffon, Bless You All, Blithe Spirit, Born Yesterday, Brigadoon, Browning Version and Harlequinade, Burlesque, Burning Bright, Call Me Madam, Call Me Mister, Captain Brassbound's Conversion, Chicken Every Sunday, Chocolate Soldier, Christopher Blake, Claudia, Come Back Little Sheba, Command Decision, Counsellor-at-Law, Crime and Punishment, Daphne Laureola, Damask Cheek, Dance Me a Song, Dark Eyes, Day Before Spring, Dear Ruth, Death of a Salesman, Deep are the Roots, Devil's Disciple, Division, Dream Girl, Edward My Son, Enemy of the People, Eve of St. Mark, Fatal Weakness, Finian's Rainbow, Four Twelves are Forty-Eight, Goodbye My Fancy, Guys and Dolls, Happy Birthday, He Who Gets Slapped, High Button Shoes, Hilda Crane, Hope for the Best, I Know My Love, Inside USA, Joan of Lorraine, John Loves Mary, Kiss and Tell, Kiss Me Kate, Lady in the Dark, Laura, Legend of Sarah, Lend an Ear, Let's Face It, Light up the Sky, Little Brown Jug, Little Foxes, Love Life, Lovers and Friends, Made in Heaven, Magdalena, Make a Wish, Make Mine Manhattan, Mermaids Singing, Metropole, Miss Liberty, Mr. Barry's Etchings, Montserrat, Music in My Heart, My Sister Eileen, Night Music, Not for Children, Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep, One Touch of Venus, Over Twenty-One, Portrait in Black, Present Laughter, Ring 'Round the Moon, St. Louis Woman, Second Threshold, Sons O Fun, Sounds of Hunting, South Pacific, Southern Exposure, Stalag 17, Street Scene, Suds in Your Eye, Swan Song, Sweethearts, Texas L'il Darlin', The Autumn Garden, The Barrier, The Big Knife, The Big Two, The Country Girl, The Day After Tomorrow, The Desert Song, The Enchanted, The Father, The Front Page, The Giacomina Smile, The Happy Time, The Hasty Heart, The House of Bernardo Alba, The Ivy Green, The Lady's Not For Burning, The Live Wire, The Long Days, The Madwoman of Chailot, The Member of the Wedding, The Moon is Blue, The Royal Family, The Searching Wind, The Silver Whistle, The Skin of Our Teeth, The Small Hours, The Stranger, The Student Prince, The Traitor, The Two Mrs. Carrolls, The Watch on the Rhine, The Wind is Ninety, The Wisteria Trees, The Would-Be Gentleman, They Knew What They Wanted, Three Men on a Horse, Three's a Family, Tickets Please, Two Blind Mice, Uncle Harry, Young Man's Fancy.

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE: *A Streetcar Named Desire, A Tree Grows in Brooklyn, Anne of the Thousand Days, Another Love Story, Are You With It?, Beggar's Holiday, Billion Dollar Baby, Blackouts, Catherine Was Great, Clash By Night, Clutterbuck, Come on Up, Cry of the Peacock, Dark of the Moon, Dear Judas, Diamond Lil, Dough-girls, Early to Bed, Family Portrait, Follow the Girls, Foolish Notion, For Love or Money, Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, Happy as Larry, How I Wonder, In Bed We Cry, Johnny 2 x 4, Magnolia Alley, Maid in the Ozarks, Mary Had a Little, Mister Adam, Mister Roberts, Mrs. Warren's Profession, Native Son, No Exit, O Mistress Mine, One Man Show, Out of This World, Pal Joey, Private Lives, Peep Show, Peer Gynt, Red Gloves, Red Roses For Me, Sadie Thompson, School for Brides, Season in the Sun, Springtime Folly, Springtime for Henry, Strange Bedfellows, Strange Fruit, Summer and Smoke, The Cellar and the Well, The Cradle Will Rock, The Duchess of Malfi, The Green Bay Tree, The Iceman Cometh, The Little Blue Light, The Overtons, The Perfect Marriage, The Rat Race, The Relapse, The Rose Tattoo, The Tower Beyond Tragedy, Theatre, Tobacco Road, Trio, Twentieth Century, Voice of the Turtle, Volpone, Wallflower, White Cargo, With a Silk Thread, You Touched Me.*



The civilization of primitive peoples is a long and painstaking task. Under the far-sighted policy of the Australian Government, the natives of New Guinea and Papua are learning to take their place among civilized nations



• New Guinea was just a far-off Pacific Island to most Americans until the last World War. Then the name of this remote island suddenly appeared in the headlines of our leading papers. Today, it may not rate a headline, but the progress being made on the island under the leadership of the Australian Government makes it especially newsworthy from the social point of view.

Since the League of Nations Mandate was granted to Australia in 1921, the basis of administration on the islands has been to treat the natives as persons, and not as tools to be used by ruthless exploiters. The consistency in which this policy was carried out is very clearly demonstrated by the loyalty of the natives to Australia when New Guinea was in the grip of the Japanese occupation. The three years of war brought almost total destruction of New Guinea, and when the war was over the Administration was faced with the problem of rebuilding from the very beginning.

Today, though there is still much to be done, almost every native village has been rebuilt at the cost of millions of dollars. Besides the thousands of new homes, the Administration has introduced the very latest equipment in farming, and village co-operatives have been inaugurated. The natives are also being taught the meaning of a money economy and they will benefit financially from the production of such crops as rubber, cocoa and coffee, and the mining of copper and gold.

Care of the natives' health has kept pace with improvements in their working conditions. Over thirty-six refugee doctors are working among the people, and hundreds of natives are being instructed in the medical institutions.

The Soviet Delegation charged in the U.N. that the natives were being exploited, but the facts speak for themselves. Life is still primitive, but there is a bright future just ahead.



Port Moresby modern fire equipment. The fire brigade consists of members of the Papuan Royal Constabulary.



French Missionaries of the Sacred Heart have been working on the Islands since 1885. Pictures taken at Kubuna.



Testing the rubber content of Latex on plantation near Port Moresby.



Carpentry trainees at Angoram, New Guinea. These natives come under the Government's technical training scheme.

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION



One hour each weekday a broadcast is provided by the Educational department. It is very popular with the natives.



The military band is the pride of the Royal Papuan Constabulary. All members are trained and skilled musicians.



Anxious father watches the medical examination of his baby. Mother can't be present—she tills the crops.



Scene in native marketplace. Shell money is being used for a purchase.



A sample of native craftsmanship—beautifully carved open-end canoes.

A SIGN PICTURE STORY



A huntsman from Central New Guinea. He ran when the flash bulb went off.



Orokaiva man from N. Papua in ceremonial dress prepared for a "sing-sing."



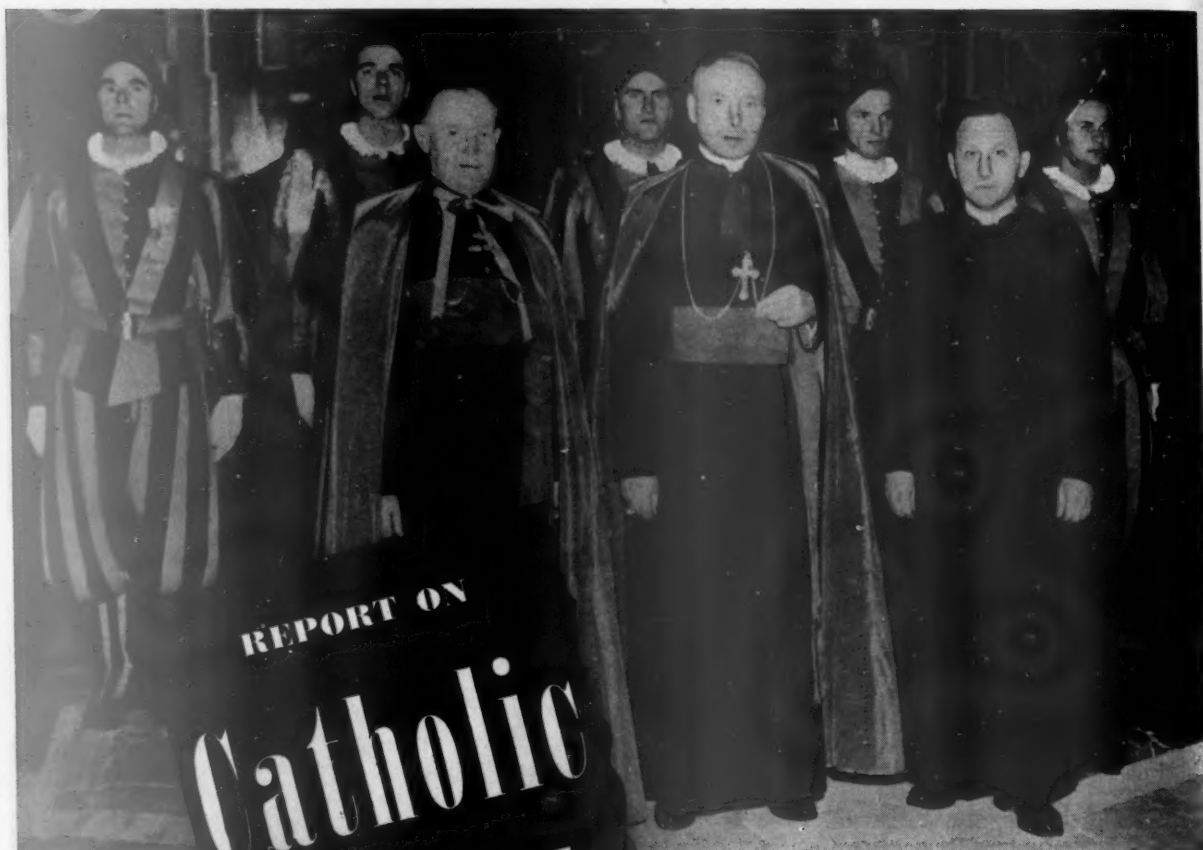
Elementary Asian School at New Ireland, New Guinea. Mr. Walsh is head teacher assisted by native instructor.



A "Sing-sing" at Nondugl. The natives paint their faces and wear Paradise plumes. White men are strangers to them.



A Rabaul native type. This woman enjoys her pipe as she carries home the family's dinner from the local market.



Religious News photo

Archbishop Stefan Wyszynski of Warsaw and Primate of Poland (center) after Papal audience last spring

REPORT ON Catholic Poland

by ANN SU CARDWELL

**The aim of the Soviet in Poland is clear—
divorce the Polish Church from the Vatican**

THE regime's objectives with regard to the Church in Poland now appear very clear. They are precisely those achieved by Moscow in its relations with the Russian Orthodox Church; and that is not strange, since Moscow is behind the scenes manipulating its puppets in a Poland that is in fact nothing more than a Russian province. In the years following the Bolshevik revolution, the Communists all but destroyed the Orthodox Church and persecuted what was left until 1941. In that year, Stalin was forced to revive the remains and create

a creature of the Kremlin for help in repulsing the Germans and then later as a tool in Soviet plans for world conquest.

So now in Poland, where Stalin would not have his puppets destroy the Catholic Church, only separate it from Rome, win the support of what members of the clergy can be prevailed upon to follow the Reds, exterminate the rest, and fill their places with false priests, that is, Communists trained to play the part of priests. The campaign to bring all this about has long been under way

but to no such extent as now, after a relative lull of months.

The first of the new attacks took the form of a staged trial of two priests before a Krakow military court. They were sentenced to life imprisonment for allegedly helping an underground organization. Opportunity was made during this trial to accuse the Bishop of Kielce, Czeslaw Kaczmarek, of spying for the Vatican, helping the underground, of being an "enemy of the people's democracy." His arrest followed.

This was a bold regime move. Some time previously the Bishop of Chelm had been put under house arrest, but the people were so roused that police guards had to be withdrawn. Bishop Kaczmarek's case is somewhat different. He has been a thorn in the regime's flesh from the start because he kept regime-directed youth organizations from gaining control of schools in his diocese. His defense of morality and youth foils Soviet plans.

Immediately, press and radio went into action, charging that the Polish episcopate had not condemned priests carrying on activities against the state,

that pastoral letters purely political in content were read from the pulpit, that it not only condones crimes against the people's democracy but protects and gives asylum to all reactionary clergy. The next move was to call meetings over the country, where assembled audiences obediently voted for resolutions demanding that the bishops be punished and made subject to direction of the Office of Religious Affairs.

Coincident with these moves was a vicious press attack on the Vatican. Daily articles, some very lengthy, accused the Vatican of conspiring with the United States and Germany to start another World War, but special emphasis was put upon refusal to recognize the new Polish-German frontier. So, when the puppet regimes of Poland and the Soviet German zone signed an accord fixing the Oder-Neisse Rivers as that frontier, a Polish decree abolishing the authority of the Apostolic Administrators in the Recovered Lands (former German territory) came as no surprise.

This is the regime's trump card in its anti-Vatican campaign. It has continually pressed the Polish hierarchy to recognize that frontier by redrawing diocesan boundaries and establishing permanent instead of temporary Church administration. This the hierarchy consistently refused, explaining that the Vatican alone can appoint bishops. The Pope as steadfastly refused to make changes that would involve recognition of international boundaries not yet settled.

POLLES, in Poland and out, are as one in their stand for the Oder-Neisse line, convinced that justice demands retribution from Germany for damage done to Poland in loss of life, destruction of property, setback in progress. They cite the Potsdam accord and the facts that the Recovered Lands are historically and in large part ethnically Polish. With the exception of the insignificant pro-Soviet group of Polish Communists, they utterly reject the position that such territorial cession is compensation for Polish lands seized in 1939 by Moscow.

Such being the political situation, the puppet regime is in a position to declare that the Vatican is pro-German and anti-Polish because it will not recognize the new boundary. It further declares that were the Apostolic Administration to continue, it would be "a source of unrest and an instrument of activity hostile to Poland," hence it had ordered liquidation of that Administration and removal of all Administrators. A few days later, names of new Vicars Capitular appointed by the regime were announced over the Warsaw radio.

Both in extent of territory and in population, the lands concerned are of importance. They include five Apostolic Administrative areas with some 4,877,000 Catholics, and they are so geographically placed that they are continually in the spotlight. What happens there is sure to have an effect on international affairs. Removed as the inhabitants are from wider contacts, aware of German demands for return of what has been taken from them, fed by the regime with tales of a pro-German West, while the West does nothing to contradict but acts as if Poland would be left with Moscow, it is understandable that the Poles can be turned against any group, government, or institution that does not come out plainly for what Poles deem justice.

For that reason, among others, more priests have joined the so-called patriotic group, and a few influential laymen have been won over. The nucleus of a regime-sponsored Catholic Church exists. But additions from the bona fide clergy come too slowly, and while they supply the respectable front, they can never be made into the debasing tools Moscow requires. To enlarge the ranks of "patriotic priests," therefore, false priests go into Poland from two "sem-

• The wicked flee when no man
pursueth, but they make better
time when someone is after them.
—C. H. Parkhurst

inaries" established some years ago in the former Polish towns of Chelm and Lwow. Here, in a course that lasts as long as three years, Soviet agents are trained for a false priesthood, then sent into Polish communities.

The Polish episcopate has not let the decree dealing with administration in the western lands pass without an effort to defend and preserve the rights of the Church. To that end the Polish Primate, Archbishop Wyszynski, had an interview with President Bierut. According to a regime paper, "... the regulation of relations between the Church and state and the completed stabilization of Church affairs in the western lands were discussed." Another press organ more boldly asserted "... the visit (of the Primate) has its meaning for the world outside. It makes plain that matters of the Church and state in Poland are the affair of Poland. All suggestions of foreigners who would make religion a shield for capitalism, all suggestions that would teach our hierarchy its duty will meet defeat."

While the press engages in comment of this character, mass meetings of priests are called at which many publicly declare their approval of the regime's action in abolishing the Apostolic Administration in the western lands and

appointing its own Vicars Capitular. In doing this, they must attack the Vatican for refusal to recognize the new frontier.

While the struggle between regime and Church over Church authority in western Poland is without question the most important feature in the regime's contest for control of the Polish clergy, other means of effecting that conquest are not neglected. All priests labeled "reactionary," that is, faithful to their vows, are subjected to constant pressure of one sort or another. It is especially true of village priests, for their influence over the peasants must be destroyed if Moscow is to hold Poland in subjection. Party officials accompanied by secret police call upon these priests late in the evening, keep conversation going on matters in general until far into the night, then disclose their visit's purpose by asking their host to join the Union of Patriotic Priests. If he refuses, he is visited again and again, with the conversation becoming at last an investigation of the priest's personal life and the life of his parish. In the end he may find himself in prison, months later perhaps before a court, but trials are rare except in the case of those staged for some particular purpose. Early this year, almost a thousand Polish priests were reported to be in prison.

WHILE it is true Moscow is extremely anxious at the present time to establish a national Catholic Church, that attitude is only a phase of Soviet strategy for winning the Poles against the West. If Poland can be made of its own accord to break with Rome over the Polish-German boundary, Moscow will have made a tremendous advance toward its ultimate goal of destruction of organized religious life in Poland. For when the subservient Church it has created will have served its purpose, it can be summarily disposed of without a struggle. A "patriotic priest" who tries to be in any degree loyal to Poland and to his faith will find himself in prison, purged along with all other "enemies of the people's democracy." Evidence that this will be Moscow's long-term policy is abundant. It is found in the well-defined antireligious teaching carried on in all youth organizations, in the educational system, beginning with the kindergarten and running through the universities, in the increasing number of restrictions put upon the Church and religious orders, as well as in the carefully planned efforts to prevent church attendance and participation in religious observance.

Moscow's procedures in Poland are only an integral part of a definite policy to destroy religious faith the world over, and the sooner the world understands that the better.

SPORTS

by **DON DUNPHY**

Heads Without Crowns

The late Hype Igoe used to preface many a boxing story with the phrase, "Heavy, heavy hangs the head that wears a crown!" If Hype were alive today, the chances are that he would be wearing out the phrase, for the last nine months in boxing have seen one of the greatest turnovers of champions in the entire history of the so-called "Manly Art of Self-Defense." It all started last September, when featherweight champion Willie Pep was shorn of his title by crisp, hard-punching Sandy Saddler. Pep, slightly ahead on points, sustained a shoulder injury that forced him to retire midway through the bout, although there are those who say that a tremendous smash to the midsection by Saddler caused the shoulder injury.

Later in the month, Joe Louis lost whatever claims he may still have had on the heavyweight title when he was decisively outpointed by Ezzard Charles. After that, Sugar Ray Robinson, having trouble making the welter limit, left that class when he got a shot at Jake LaMotta's middleweight crown. Result! A knockout victory for Robinson and another head without a crown. And also a division without a champion.

Johnny Bratton, from Chicago, and Charley Fusari, of Irvington, N. J., were matched for the National Boxing Association version of the welterweight championship with Bratton winning a close one. However, New York State, which does not often see eye to eye with the N.B.A., withheld recognition, saying Bratton had to meet Kid Gavilan with the winner later to meet Billy Graham. Bratton and Gavilan met at New York's Madison Square Garden under the auspices of the International Boxing Club, and Bratton found his N.B.A. crown more of a hindrance than a help as Gavilan defeated him to gain universal recognition as world's welter champion. That was on May 18th.

One week later on the 25th, Ike Williams, who was considered the Gibraltar of all the champions, came a cropper in the person of a little-known battler named Jimmy Carter, who scored the upset of the year when he not only took Williams' title but also knocked him out in the 14th round. So little did the fight cognoscenti think of Carter's chances of beating Williams that just about 3,000 showed up at the Garden, paying the lowest lightweight championship gate in Garden history. It was just a little more than \$13,000. Carter, with the challenger's end of the take, actually got more from the television swag than from his cut of the gate. In deference to Williams, who had been a great champion, it must be said that weight making must have contributed greatly to his beating. With no apparent challengers in the lightweight class, Ike had been fighting welterweights for a long time and seemingly had outgrown the lightweight class. He had a great deal of trouble making the 135-pound limit, and, at the noon weigh-in the day of the fight, came in three-quarters of a pound overweight. Ike sweated and sweated and finally worked off the excess to hit the scale at exactly 135. This ordeal apparently took its toll, for Carter, unworried by weight making, was strong as a young bull although the fading champ fought gallantly and gamely.

So there you have it. Featherweight class, Pep out, Saddler in. Lightweight, Williams out, Carter in. Welterweight, Robinson out, Gavilan in. Middleweight, LaMotta out, Robinson in. Heavyweight, Louis out (officially now), Charles in. In the past nine months, only Joey Maxim retains complete title to a crown, and of course you realize that Joey has never defended the title he won almost two years ago. What would have happened had he defended against the likes of Harry Matthews or Bob Murphy is a moot question.

The Surprising Carter

So little had been known about the surprising Carter, that we thought we'd let you in on a little of his background. He's 27 years old, having been born Dec. 15, 1923, in Aiken, S. C. His full name is James William Carter and his friends call him "Jay." He now lives in Harlem where he attended P.S. 99, P.S. 17, and New York Vocational. Jimmy, who has been married almost three years, got his start in boxing at the Catholic Boys Club in Harlem. He had one fight as a Golden Glover and lost it. He was a grocery clerk when he went into the Army in 1943. He served in England, France, and the Philippines. Carter won the welterweight championship of Camp Clayborn, La., and had a few division bouts overseas. When he came out of the Army in 1946, he worked in a factory but decided his future lay in boxing. He signed Willie Ketchum to manage him and fought his first pro fight in March, 1946. Prior to his title fight with Williams, Carter had fought 62 times, winning 45, losing 11, drawing in six, and scoring 16 knockouts. He was dropped to the canvas only once, by Tommy Campbell, and was stopped only once, on cuts, by Cabey Lewis in 1947.

In his title-gaining battle with Williams, Carter showed a strong crowding style, a good left jab, and a solid right. It was the right which won the fight for him in the fifth round when he exploded it on Ike's chin for a knock-down. He dropped Ike again and all but had him out when the bell rang, but this just postponed the inevitable. What I liked most about Carter was his patience when he had his man in trouble. After flooring Williams he didn't go head-hunting with wild punches as many an inexperienced fighter has done.



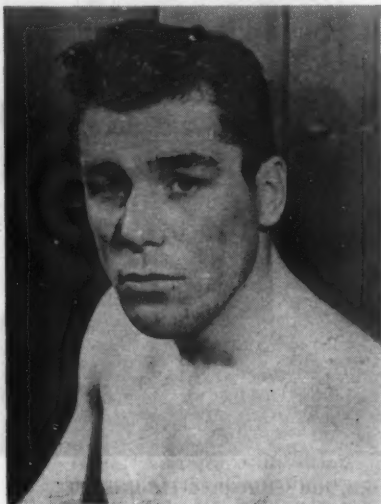
Carter—scored upset of the year

Instead, he banged away at the body again and again, forcing the champ to drop his guard. Still, we'll have to see the new champ a few more times for a real appraisal.

The Gamey Cartier

While on the subject of fights, we must recall one of the gamest stands and one of the most sensational fights ever held in Madison Square Garden. It was the never-to-be-forgotten scrap between Walter Cartier and Eugene Hairston. Cartier and Hairston are among the top challengers for the middleweight crown and had met a couple of years ago with Cartier winning a close decision. They were rematched last December, but Cartier caught cold, the match was called off, and the fighter ended up in a Veteran's hospital, a very sick young man. Meanwhile, Hairston had been cutting a wide swath in fistiana. Cartier recovered and finally fought Hairston in May. As the bout got under way, it seemed that Cartier had taken on too tough a fight after his illness. In the first round, Hairston stiffened him with a right hand smash to the jaw that dropped Cartier flat on his back. It seemed to be the end. Cartier shuddered at the count of two, managed to climb to one knee, and just did beat the count by getting up at nine. He barely lasted the round as Hairston swarmed all over him.

In the second, Hairston had him down again, and again Cartier barely beat the count and lasted the round. (Afterward, he told me he didn't even remember the second round knockdown.) There didn't seem a chance that he could last the ten rounds, let alone win the fight. But Cartier is game and gritty and fought it out. Little by little, with the crowd in a pandemonium, he



Cartier—crowd was in a bedlam



Rote—the Mighty Mustang

cut into Hairston's early lead and finally pulled up even as they entered the last round. Hairston staggered Cartier again but couldn't drop him, and with the crowd in a bedlam, the latter came on. Near the end, he staggered Hairston with a mighty right and then dropped him with a rain of blows. Hairston staggered to his feet at the count of eight as the bell rang.

The split decision verdict for Cartier climaxed one of the gamest comebacks in Garden ring annals.

Later Than You Think

Surprised to see a picture of a football player in the July issue of *THE SIGN*? Think maybe we're rushing the seasons a little bit? Well actually, we're not, because before you realize it, the annual fall madness will be on us again. As a matter of fact, at this very moment the many professional teams are getting ready to pack off to their training camps, and no further away than next month, is the Annual All-Star game in Chicago.

The big "44" lugging the pigskin in the picture is Kyle Rote, the Mighty Mustang from S.M.U., one of 1950's All-Americans who will be wearing the uniform of the New York Giants this coming professional season. Rote was the number-one choice in the annual college draft of the National Football League and the Giants were indeed fortunate to snare him.

After several years of adversity, Giant fortunes took an upswing in 1950 and but for an unfortunate offside in the American Conference championship game with the Cleveland Browns, Steve Owen's charges might at this moment be league champions.

Early last season it became apparent that the Giants were the League's top defensive aggregation (they held the

mighty Rams to one touchdown in three games,) but as the season wore on the Giant offense began to keep pace with the defensive feats. In midseason, veteran Polo Grounds fans were thrilled by a return to the discarded "A" formation which resulted in a 51-21 rout of the Chicago Cards. Thereafter, no team could get set for the rampaging Giants who now alternated the "A" with the T-formation, much to the discomfiture of their confused opponents. This flexible attack brought Owens' Hombres fifty plus scores in 3 of their last 6 games. The combination of power and dogged defense put the Giants in the American Conference Championship game with the Cleveland Browns which resulted in a 3-0 win for the Lake City eleven.

The acquisition of Rote is expected to make the New Yorkers the team to beat in the N.F.L. next season. Aside from his All-American rating, Rote owns a tremendous list of honors gathered in his career to date. In 1946, while at Thomas Jefferson High School at San Antonio, he was named the most valuable high school player in Texas. While at Southern Methodist, even as a sophomore, the nation's fans began to learn that the Mustang team had another great back in addition to Doak Walker. In his junior year in 1949, the Rote legend began to pick up momentum and he was named Southwesterner of the year by the Texas Sports Writers Association. In 1949, S.M.U.'s last game was against Notre Dame, which carried an unbeaten record into the fray. This was one of N.D.'s great all-time teams and the contest turned out to be the thriller of the year. In a tremendous one-man show, Rote tallied three touchdowns, but Notre Dame staved off his late rush to preserve its great undefeated streak. However, Rote's performance won him nationwide acclaim, an award by the Washington Touchdown Club, and later his feat was voted the outstanding athletic performance by any Texan during the first half of the Twentieth Century.

Ball carrier, passer, receiver, punter, kick-off man, defensive man when needed, Rote is a football player's player. After the 1950 season, he was named to virtually every All-American team selected. More than a player, he was the first winner of the Sportsmanship Trophy voted by game officials and others in a position to evaluate sportsmanship among the athletes of the Southwest Conference. Later he was selected the outstanding player on the field in the annual East-West game. With this record to look at, Fordham's Jack Mara, who runs the business affairs of the Giants along with his brother Wellington, feels that his team must have gotten quite a football player.

The 12th Step Back

Like many others, Hank had a good position and

a great future, but drink ruined everything—

until he met Mr. Irving at Twelfth Step House

• The handbook of the Alcoholics Anonymous lists twelve steps or principles governing the rehabilitation of an alcoholic. The twelfth and final step is considered the most important for it insures the alcoholic against backsliding. It prescribes that the alcoholic, reclaimed from his former life of sickness and despair remain that way by helping others. Only by making oneself responsible for the rehabilitation of another can one hope to achieve lasting and true redemption from drink.

Harry Irving, a member of Alcoholics Anonymous, opened a Twelfth Step House in the Greenwich section of New York, which he operates independently of the parent organization. Though he has a responsible position which makes great demands on his time, Mr. Irving manages to spend several hours each day at the house. Over two hundred men and women enter his place each day. Here is the case history of one, whom we shall call Hank.



Hank has lost his job, his friends, and self-respect. He lives in the Bowery where he drinks "smoke" and "sneaky Pete," a dangerous alcohol that can rob him of his sight and his life.





**A
SIGN
PICTURE
ARTICLE**

Always drunk and in need of money, Hank stops strangers for a touch. Above, he gets rough with an old gent while his drunken pal takes a nap.



Mr. Irving, who knows the various types of drunks, meets Hank and thinks he can help him. Hank is invited to the house for coffee and a bite to eat.



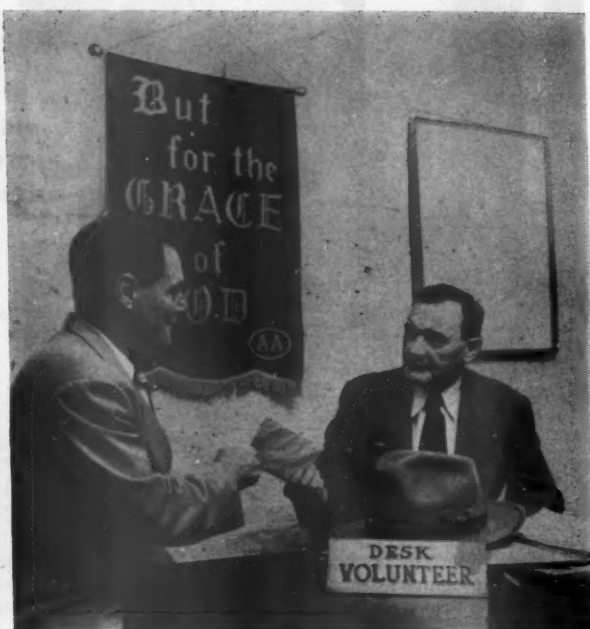
Hank, saturated with drink, must be helped down the stairs despite his powerful build. He is being led to Mr. Irving's basement headquarters.



Hank listens while another alcoholic tells him that he hasn't taken a drink in three days, and the House has promised to get him a job. Hank begins to think.



Mr. Irving personally interviews Hank and makes a deal. If the poor alcoholic stays away from the bottle for three days, he gets clothes and a job.



Hank looks different after a week at the House. He is dressed in new clothes and is interviewed for a job. Above, an employer gives him a contract.



Our rehabilitated alcoholic goes to work with all his energy, and is shown explaining a deal to the promotion manager where he is employed. But . . .



Three Lions Photos

. . . Hank doesn't forget the twelfth important step and goes faithfully to the Twelfth Step House where he talks to others who want to give up drink for good.

And so the chain is made. One reclaimed alcoholic helps his fallen brother, and in the very process strengthens himself

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Our Antiseptic Children

YEARS AGO, there was a general theory held by most people that children must not hear the things grown-ups may hear. It was almost a conspiracy and, where it was not too conditioned by Puritan reflexes, it was a fine idea. For one thing, a child ought to grow into certain facts; something presented suddenly to a mind unready to understand may be very dangerous.

There is no doubt that protecting the child from anything except germs is today a forgotten thing. No doubt there are parents and teachers still around who try their best, but the volume which overwhelms their voices is much too strong—and, we might add, often too attractive—not to be heard.

The very small ones are conditioned to disobedience, which may sound like a large statement. But when you send a child to a public school today, if it is one of the extremely enlightened progressive schools which teach with Dewey as their prophet, he does more or less what he wants to during his school day. What sort of foundation is being built? Heaven knows we don't want back with us the harshness of long ago, but common sense does seem to suggest that if laws are to be obeyed by a man he ought to learn to obey to some extent when he is a child. Schools which permit a child to learn to read when he wants to do so, to come in the morning and begin to work or play at whatever he pleases, are surely not getting that child ready for the grown-up world. Hark to the complaints of college teachers and business men that young people cannot spell. But spelling is something to be learned day by day, steadily and with effort; so is reading and so are the rest of the ordinary subjects.

It is little wonder that an increasing number of Protestant parents are said to be asking to have their children of tender years admitted to parochial schools. There is a growing idea among them that in the first years of a public school, children today don't learn very much, if anything. In Catholic schools, which still teach with the idea that the children are there to learn reading and spelling, and in private schools, which cost a good deal of money, the child learns such things.

Young Christophers

But not only in the grade schools is much wrong today. In the high schools, what do we do for our children? We try to give them good teachers. And of course there will always be good teachers. You know the kind I mean: supposedly she teaches only one academic subject, but she also teaches manners and courtesy and other vital subjects if she loves young people and many do.

But we give them other teachers too—teachers who teach the isms of, to put it mildly, nondemocracy, who inoculate them with ideas never learned in the little red schoolhouse of an old-fashioned democracy but in a very different red schoolhouse of today.

Foundation in the lower grades is necessary. Do all the children get it? And, lacking it there, what of the higher grades? Is all this fine idea of being Christophers really doing what it could and should when it enlists only the older people, those in colleges and offices and in the grown-up world? I have several times spoken to the head of this flourishing group and hoped he could start high school groups in the work so that these young people would not have to unlearn later what

they learned in high school from men and women who are working against the principles which are really still protecting these young people. There, in our high schools, is the real danger point, and the fact is that the Communists are awake to its value even if some of us are not. In the *Herald Tribune* recently was the announcement of a nation-wide program of recruiting school children in Communist youth programs under the aegis of the Labor Youth League. This is a new name for the Young Communist League of earlier days, and it plans to double its membership by the end of June. This is being done with a purpose: to get the young people safely into the party before state legislatures can pass the various bills now up before them which will require public schools to teach the evils of Communism. And would you like to know what is the topic of the meetings, the sermon matter which is to be everywhere discussed? It is Youth and Socialism in the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

Nobel Prize Wisdom

Omniscient old Bertrand Russell has been saying words again lately, and here is one of his gems: "All we need now is for man to learn the lesson of living in the comfortable modern world the scientists have helped to provide." He does not go on to say whom it is the scientists are helping, or perhaps I should say who is helping the scientists. He would not, of course, use the name of God in his sage remark, and yet he might give Him a little credit too.

He also regards the Russian rulers of today as "serious victims of inner conflicts." That is no doubt one way to put it. It seems to me the rest of the world is a victim of its outer conflicts, and that is the important thing to us—and even more to our children.

Consider the reminiscing of an earlier day, and then consider what the children of today will in the future be thinking back on. Or perhaps they will not, in the new world our statesmen are planning, be able to reminisce at all, at least not aloud. Will their hearts be free and their minds, in even our country?

Well, I rather think so. Let me relate two items from Moscow and in the news during April. First, the statement that clowns in Russia are still tainted with capitalism, still wearing Prince Alberts and high hats and making slapstick jokes. They, thank Stalin, will no longer do that; witty satire is to replace their crude remarks, and there will be a special school for clowns where they are to be taught social and political and esthetic subjects by noted writers!

The other story is of Easter. Crowds in Russia jammed great churches there, coming to have their Easter cakes and eggs blessed. Each carried a small lighted candle and one reporter said it was lovely—"like a scene from some pageant of remote times." Not really so remote though, but rather a continuing of tradition. Clowns may be made witty and uncaptalistic perhaps, but it is not so easy to stamp faith from the heart of man.

The future will some day be the present, and that is why we should view with alarm the immediate future of our children and why we should give them, by our own private and public lives, the right foundation. And I should like to list love of God and spelling as two subjects indispensable for their education.



Armed with ropes and flashlights, we followed the serpentine windings of a dark, musty passageway.

Despite his convictions, Roderick Purcell couldn't resist the alluring mystery. And so began his adventure that finally bore a

MORE than a year has passed since the sealing of Roderick Purcell's cavern, and the time has come, I think, to present certain truths to the public. Too much of what has been said thus far is pure speculation.

If you read the papers, you already know why Purcell resigned from the faculty of Peckham University and established himself in Virginia, on a rundown farm owned by his brother. He was emphatic about that.

"We have gone too far in our search for knowledge," he said. "Unless we learn to use the knowledge we have, before prying open a Pandora's box of new mysteries, we may destroy ourselves."

It was not a popular attitude. He was taunted for it by his former colleagues and jeered at by half the editorial writers in the country. But he was sincere. He meant what he said.

Purcell was then fifty-three—a small, silver-haired man with heart trouble,

alone in the world except for Tobey, a local youth who helped about the place. I was his only near neighbor, and, so far as I know, his only genuine friend.

It was Tobey who discovered the cavern one day while repairing a fence which a cloudburst had uprooted at the rear of the property. He ran all the way to the house to tell us. "They's a hole in the mountain!" he cried. "A whopper!"

We went to look, and found a tunnel mouth some four feet wide, where a limestone ledge had crumbled from the hillside.

"It's possibly an unknown entrance to one of the big commercialized caves in this region," I suggested.

Purcell disagreed. "They've all been mapped, Adams. This is a new cavern. We'll have the time of our lives exploring it!"

Armed with ropes and flashlights, we entered the place and followed the serpentine windings of a dark, musty passageway. For half a mile the way was clear; then the walls of our tunnel converged to a mere splinter of space through which further progress was impossible. We sat, disappointed.

"I hear somethin'," said Tobey, a hand uplifted. "Water, I think!"

I heard nothing and looked at Purcell. After a moment of intense concentration, he shook his head.

"It is water," Tobey insisted. He strode to the wall and swung a short-handled pick. "I'll bust a way through here! You wait!"

We watched, amazed by his strength and determination. The ring of the pick and rattle of falling rock all but deafened us. Half an hour passed. Suddenly



ly pay

st the challenge of a real

ly home a voyage into the unknown

a vertical slab of stone broke from the mass, and the niche was wide enough.

"I did hear water!" Tobey shouted triumphantly.

We heard it now. Not the familiar drip of moisture, but a sound of water flowing. A lot of water. I glanced at Purcell. Subterranean streams of any size are not common in America. Frowning, he went past me down the corridor.

A moment later the tunnel dipped into a spacious vault, and our flashlights flickered upon a tar-black, slow-moving stream. It barred our way. The chamber walls were broken only by the black holes, some fifteen feet across and half as high, from which and into which it flowed.

"Where," Purcell whispered, "do you suppose it goes, Adams?"

"There are streams near here that pop

Purcell's Voyage

by **HUGH B. CAVE**

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

up out of the ground," I said, puzzled. "This may be one of them."

"I wonder."

You know of Purcell's patient attempts to find out where his stream went to—how, week after week, he floated marked sticks and table-tennis balls down it, and later a Signal Corps "handie-talkie." His efforts were ingenious but unsuccessful.

What you don't know is that the failure of his experiments did something to him. His black mood so weighted the atmosphere of that peaceful old farmhouse that Tobey and I at last begged him to give the thing up.

"You're not being consistent," I pointed out. "Haven't you been advising people to let mysteries alone?"

He smiled sheepishly. "I suppose so, Adams. But after all, I'm merely curious to know where a stream of water goes. If there were the slightest danger to anyone, I'd abandon the idea."

"Unless you want to try swimming," I retorted, "you'll have to abandon it!"

His silver-thatched head bobbed up quickly and he frowned at me. Then the old glow of contentment returned to his eyes. "I can't swim," he said. "Not a stroke. But you've given me an idea!"

IN the morning he led me to the barn behind his house. The building bulged with war-surplus items bought by his brother, who operated a mail-order business in the city. It was a gigantic grab bag filled with clothing, hammocks, tents, reels of wire and rope—everything under the sun.

Into the cavern we carried one of those light, tough rafts used by the Air Forces, and with it a reel of nylon rope. But when Tobey had inflated the raft and placed the rope-reel in it, making the end of the rope fast to an outcropping of limestone at the stream's edge, I began a determined attempt to change Purcell's mind. The eeriness of the place—it was like a rough-hewn subway station—and the sight of that inscrutable stream frightened me.

"You haven't an idea of what may await you in there," I argued. "This stream may suddenly run wild or tumble over a precipice!"

Purcell patted my arm and stepped into the raft, placing across his knees the slender aluminum paddle with which it was equipped. "Don't worry," he said, and with a gentle shove sent his craft clear of the limestone bank.

The plan was not intricate. He would pay out the quarter-inch nylon rope as the slow current bore him downstream. When he reached the end of it, half a mile below, he would simply reverse the process and take in the rope to return to us.

Perhaps my fears were unfounded. The gleaming serpent of rope looked flimsy, but I had read the specifications for its manufacture and knew it wasn't, despite its wonderful lack of weight. It would sink, of course, and might catch on sunken obstructions as he paid it out, probably making it impossible for us to pull him back if anything happened to him. But what could happen?

Nevertheless, I held my breath as he floated down into that awesome tunnel, beyond reach of our flashlights. The sight of that gnomelike little creature complacently voyaging into the unknown frightened me anew. I imagined all sorts of terrible possibilities.

Dropping to one knee, I cupped my hands to my mouth and called after him, "Are you all right, Dr. Purcell?"

From a shadow-world noisy with echoes his voice drifted back. "Quite all right, Adams! Enjoying the ride!"

"What do you see?"

"Later," he shouted. "Tell you later."

Tobey and I waited. At intervals I stood up and paced the floor of our subterranean room; the rest of the time I sat with anxious gaze turned to that shimmering thread of rope. The silence was ghastly, and the ever-changing, ever-same hiss and gurgle and sly whispering of the stream did nothing to lighten its impact.

"He's been gone most an hour," said Tobey suddenly. Only an hour!

I thought of the many things that might go wrong, no matter how alert the man was. What if the rope rubbed thin against an edge of rock? Or if the current subtly swiftened and he failed to notice . . .

"He's out of his mind, Tobey," I said. But it was useless to talk to Tobey. Squatting at the water's edge, he stared into the tunnel like a faithful dog awaiting the return of an adored master. I had the eerie feeling he would wait forever, if necessary.

Suddenly the rope twitched, and from the depths of the tunnel Purcell's voice rumbled up to us. "Halloo, Adams! Can you hear me?"

"I hear you! Is anything wrong?"

"See if—see if you can pull me in!"

Tobey seized the rope and began to haul on it.

"Not so fast!" I cried. "For the love of heaven, don't break it! Something must have happened!"

BUT the rope came in easily, shedding bright drops of water. The raft was surely not far distant, or the drag would have been greater. The shining coils fell at Tobey's feet. When the raft appeared, I was waiting to seize it.

Purcell stepped out stiffly, his clothes wet through with spray or perspiration. "Thanks," he said, gasping. "I was getting tired, Adams. Thought I mightn't make it."

"You've hurt yourself!"

"No, no. Just this confounded heart of mine. Always kicks up at the most awkward times." He went past me but stopped after a few paces and pressed his hand to his side. "We'd better go home," he whispered, trying to smile. "Leave it till later . . ."

"He's a sick man," the doctor said. "Keep him in bed, no matter how difficult he gets."

Purcell was not difficult; he was too ill. The truth was, his heart had been bad for years and he had been warned repeatedly that undue stimulation might kill him. But he wanted to talk, and at the first opportunity did so.

"It was a good deal like riding in a subway," he told us, "except that there were no stopping points. The stream follows some gigantic flaw in the limestone, I'm certain. Perhaps it passes through some good-sized rooms farther along." He tried to sit up straighter in bed, but sank back again. "If only I could get my feet under me, Adams!"

"You had no trouble with the current?"

"It quickened a bit. I passed two tiny feeder streams, mere trickles oozing from cracks in the wall. There'll be others farther in, I'm positive. Toward the end I kept thinking I heard a distant sound of fast water . . . but I was excited; perhaps I only imagined it. We'll have to use a longer rope, Adams!"

"There's time enough," I told him.

"No, no. Take the key to the barn. Get things ready!"

He was not a good patient after the first few days. Too ill to do for himself, but not ill enough to appreciate our efforts in his behalf, he complained much of the time and all but wore poor Tobey to a shadow with his demands. I realized then how greatly the man had changed. No longer was he soft-spoken and gentle.



Choose Your Target

► A successful lawyer was passing on some bits of advice to his son, who had just passed his bar examination.

"If the facts are on your side," he said, "always hammer them into the jury. And if the law is on your side, hammer it into the judge."

"Suppose neither the facts nor the law are on my side," the son asked. "What then?"

"Then," replied the father, "you hammer the table."

Joseph Schneider

His desire to know the secret of the river had obsessed him. His blue eyes glittered. His tongue had acquired an edge.

Our conversation bored him because we refused to discuss his plans for going down the stream again. He spent hours alone in his room, even after the doctor had let him up, reading a small scrapbook of newspaper clippings—attacks on his philosophy which before had amused him but now seemed to feed the fires of his discontent.

Tending him hand and foot, Tobey struggled pathetically to anticipate his slightest whim. Poor Tobey—it was his misfortune to be in Purcell's room one afternoon when I went up with the local paper and Purcell discovered an item about himself in the gossip column. "It is rumored that a former university professor, now in retirement here, has discovered an underground river on which he plans to embark at the first threat of an atomic attack."

Purcell reared up in bed. "Who told them I found a river? You, Tobey!"

I tried to calm him, but it was hopeless. In the end I dragged Tobey to the kitchen.

"I never meant no harm," he moaned.

"I never said much, Mr. Adams!"

"Dr. Purcell is not himself, Tobey."

"He's mis'able 'cause he can't go down that crick again, ain't he?"

"That's about it."

"Will he ever find out where it goes, do you think?"

"No, I don't think he ever will."

"I guess it will just about kill him not to know," Tobey muttered.

It was better, I felt, for him to keep out of Purcell's way for a time, and I kept him downstairs. But he ate no supper and spent the entire evening sitting alone at the kitchen table. When I went in at midnight to tell him I was going to bed, I saw that his great homely face was drenched with tears.

In the morning Tobey was gone.

I read the note he had left. "Dear Dr. Purcell, I have gone to the cave to fine out were you're crick goes to. You're truley, Tobey." Without a thought for the man upstairs, I rushed from the house.

When I arrived at the stream, the rubber raft was gone. The rope, pulled semitaught by the current, pointed a glistening finger into the depths of the tunnel.

I seized it. Anxiously I hauled him back. The white loops piled up at my feet and I leaned forward, straining to see the boat.

Suddenly the end of the rope, torn and frayed, slithered over the stone under my horrified gaze.

I stared at it, as stricken as if I were gazing at Tobey's dead body. What had happened? An obstruction, perhaps, at some bend of the tunnel? The quicken-



I pitied him. He blamed himself for what had happened

ing of the current which Purcell had noticed? Suddenly the silence of that sunken chamber was more than I could bear, and I began shouting at the top of my voice, "Tobey, where are you? Tobey, come back! Come back!"

Only the echoes answered.

At last I turned away. But I had not gone far when a sound of footsteps reached me, and through the passage Purcell appeared, propelling himself along with tremendous effort. He was a scarecrow, his shoes untied, clothes unfasted. He pawed at me.

"Where is he, Adams? What has he done? Why didn't you wake me when you found his note, man?"

"He's gone."

"Gone?" He leaned limp against the wall. "No, no. . . ."

I returned with him to the stream, and for the best part of an hour we shouted Tobey's name, straining to hear an answer. Then we sat and waited, in the faint hope that somehow he might manage to paddle back upstream even without the rope. "He could do it," Purcell insisted, "unless he managed to go beyond the point I reached and encountered some peril we know nothing about."

We waited in vain. Hope became despair; despair, conviction. We returned to the house and I wanted to go to the police, but Purcell begged me not to.

"What good would it do?" he insisted. "They won't go down the stream after him. If he comes back, it can only be through his own efforts. And he may come back! He may! Give him time!"

But in the morning, gray with fatigue,

he thrust Tobey's note into my hand and said resignedly, "Perhaps you'd better tell the police after all."

That was a grim day. Purcell sat in a corner of the living room, bundled in a massive overcoat, but shivering, while the police questioned us. I pitied him. He blamed himself for what had happened. His bitterness had gone and he was again the gentle, soft-spoken man I so greatly admired—but he was crushed.

In charge was a dour man named Macklin, who probed with exhausting tenacity. I envied him his want of imagination. "The cave'll have to be closed," he declared after returning from a tour of inspection, "or there'll be other fools trying to find out where that river goes. Best thing we can do is cement up the entrance."

Purcell shivered as with a sudden chill. "Please, not yet! Not while there is a chance of his returning!"

"Well, we can wait a few days, I expect."

In the days that followed, Purcell went alone into the cavern several times. I should have accompanied him, I suppose—he was still not well. One of us, however, had to stay close to the house to deal with the reporters and crowds of curious who hounded us. I kept them at bay. In accordance with Macklin's wishes, I refused them permission to explore the cavern.

HUGH B. CAVE has written stories and articles for *Collier's*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and other publications. His stories have also appeared in several anthologies.

Eight days after his first visit, Macklin came with a crew of workmen. Purcell and I accompanied them to the cave. At the entrance, Purcell faced us.

"Leave your men here and come along to the stream, Macklin," he said. "I want you to see something."

"See what?" the policeman demanded.

But Purcell was already hurrying through that dark labyrinth to the river chamber, and when we caught up to him he was standing at the water's edge, beside another of those yellow life rafts from the barn—a larger raft than the other, partly covered with a tarpaulin.

Macklin, annoyed, asked where the raft had come from.

"I brought it here yesterday," Purcell stated calmly. "Don't ask me how I managed it alone, but I did—determination is a powerful force, Captain Macklin! I want to make a last examination of the stream before you seal the cavern."

Macklin angrily shook his head. "Absolutely not!"

"THERE'S no danger. I've a new rope, a bit longer than the old one, and I am not likely to make any mistakes." Purcell spoke softly but with persuasive earnestness. "You can't simply let a man disappear without doing everything possible to solve the mystery of his going. He may be alive in there—may have left the raft and wandered off to explore some passageway, and lost his way!"

"I don't like it," Macklin muttered. "I'd rather we closed the book on this."

"Tobey was my friend, Macklin," Purcell had already stepped into his raft and was seating himself behind the new reel of rope. "I shan't be long." And as the craft swung into the current he smiled at me—his old, calm smile which seemed to take my sympathy for granted. "Good-by, Adams. Don't fret about me now." And I noticed again that the raft was larger than its predecessor, with a row of pockets or compartments along the inner edge of the inflated rim.

He turned this time to wave as he floated into the tunnel—a strange little figure perched like a puppet in his ridiculous boat, flapping an arm and solemnly nodding. Then the raft was gone, and we waited.

An hour passed. I could have measured the moments by the thudding of my heart. As before, I paced the cavern or knelt at the stream's edge to watch the shimmering thread of rope, or simply stood listening to the muted dirge of the river's passing.

What a strange man this Roderick Purcell was! He did not believe in mysteries. We should let them alone, he insisted, lest we destroy ourselves. We were fools, rushing through darkness. And yet . . .

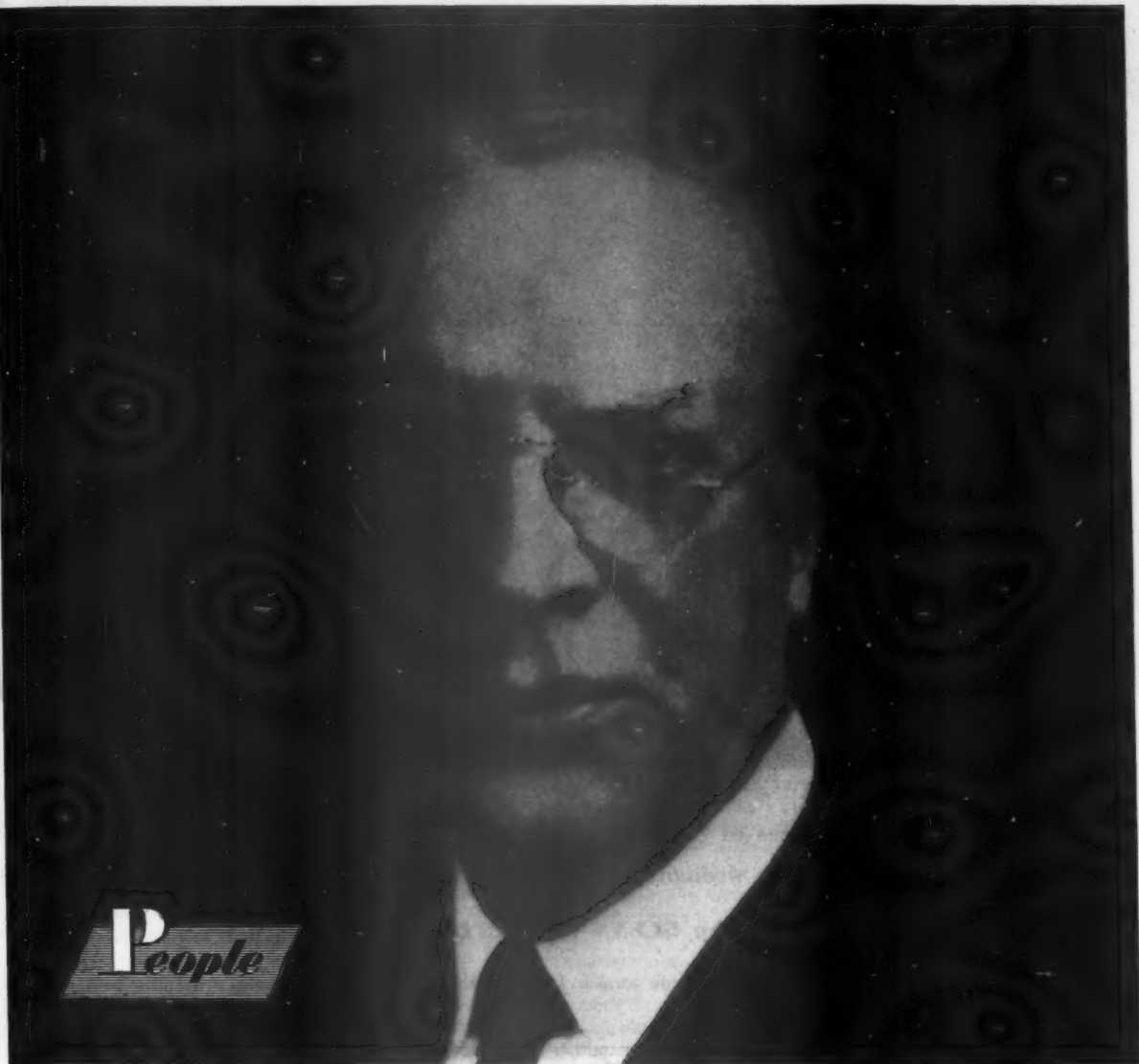
(Continued on page 68)



• Margaret Mary Kearney of Philadelphia must have a soft spot in her heart for St. Jean Baptiste de la Salle, the patron of all inspired and inspiring teachers. This vital young woman seems to have known as soon as she graduated from a diocesan high school that her vocation was to teach—and to teach the art of speech to other Catholic girls. But Miss Kearney never imagined she could undertake this mission without hard work. She studied under private drama tutors and at the Universities of Pennsylvania and Columbia; and when choral speaking came to the fore she went to London to master its technique. Then she gave up promising offers of a stage career to pass on what she learned

at the schools of her native city of Philadelphia.

Today her verse choir is so celebrated that it was recently invited to recite with the famous Philadelphia Symphony. She is particularly fond of this work because of its artistic democracy—its power to efface self-consciousness, to develop the humble and to discourage the exhibitionist. Also, she loves to open up the vistas of fine drama to young students with neither money nor opportunity to visit professional theaters. She has presented her students in classics from Shakespeare to Barrie, from medieval mysteries to modern French miracle plays. Evidently, the horizon of the Catholic teacher is only limited by her vision.



• **Frederick William Mansfield**, Boston attorney, was the recipient of the third annual Rerum Novarum award at St. Peter's College, Jersey City. Each year the award is given to a man who made an outstanding contribution toward the establishment of management-labor relations in accordance with the Papal encyclicals.

Mr. Mansfield's contribution has been truly outstanding, and the award climaxes for him a long and fruitful association in labor relations. He was counsel for the Mass. State Branch of the A. F. of L., serving in similar capacity for unions affiliated with the State branch as well as for independent unions. He lectured on labor relations at Boston

University Law School for five years and was a frequent speaker at the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston. Mr. Mansfield has held and continues to hold many important posts. He is known to all as the former mayor of Boston from 1934-37.

A fourth-degree Knight of Columbus, Mr. Mansfield is founder and president of the Catholic Lawyers League, whose purpose it is to unite Catholic lawyers in agreement not to prosecute divorce cases. He is a member of the Catholic Alumni Sodality, a trustee of St. Elizabeth's hospital, and a Knight of the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulcher of Jerusalem.



Chicago's Best Friend

The police forces of the country scoffed at Bill Szarat's plan for handling teen-age wrongdoers, but he soon changed their minds

by **GLENN D. KITTLER**

A THIRTEEN-year-old boy named Jimmy was apprehended last summer in a Chicago park as he attempted an armed robbery. Taken to the park office, he was questioned by a plainly dressed man he sensed to be a policeman. But something was wrong. The man wasn't rough and commanding, as Jimmy expected a policeman to be. Instead, he spoke calmly, almost disinterestedly.

Strangely relaxed, Jimmy confessed easily that the gun he used was his father's, who had been killed the previous year in a car crash, that his mother was now ill, and that she was out of work.

"I tried to steal because we need the money," Jimmy explained.

When he took the boy home, the man introduced himself to Jimmy's mother as a Juvenile Officer from the Youth Bureau of the Chicago Park District Police Division. Jimmy was sent to bed, but he lay awake for two hours, struggling to eavesdrop on the conversation that took place in the parlor between his mother and the policeman. Suddenly, his door opened.

"Are you awake, Jimmy?" the officer asked.

"Yeah."

"I gave your mother an address where I want you to be at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. Can you make it?"

"I guess so."

"All right. Good night."

The next morning at the appointed hour, Jimmy entered the massive lobby of the Chicago Park District Administration Building on East 14th Boulevard, opposite the Field Museum. He went down a long corridor to a door labeled *Youth Bureau*. He knocked, and he heard a man's voice call, "Come in." Entering, he saw sitting at a desk a heavy-set man with black curly hair.

"Hi," the man said, grinning. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm supposed to be here at ten o'clock," the boy said.

"Then you must be Jimmy."

Jimmy nodded, and waited.

"I'm Bill Szarat. You're early; I was just going to have a coke. Care to join me?"

Jimmy was taken aback. He said, "Sure." And as they left the office, Jimmy

felt Bill Szarat's friendly hand on his shoulder.

Thus, mildly, gently, but with a carefully planned strategy, the Chicago Park District Police Youth Bureau is side-tracking the Windy City's teen-age offenders from a life of serious crime.

Five years ago, it was different. Then, arrested in the parks, teen-agers were turned over to the city police, who, overworked and understaffed, could do little more than send the offenders to detention homes. There, the youngsters were exposed to hardened repeaters; overnight they learned to despise law and the men who enforced it. Brought into Juvenile Court with this attitude, many of them sulked their way right into reformatories — the training grounds for penitentiaries and death chambers.

But now times had changed. After his coke with Bill Szarat, Jimmy was interrogated by him with a calm thoroughness, then dismissed with the understanding that he would remain close to home for the next few days.

Strangers began to arrive at Jimmy's house, and they questioned his mother about their needs. A doctor came to

treat her illness; clothes and food parcels appeared. A man came to invite Jimmy to join the local Boy Scout troop, and another man from a newspaper said he heard Jimmy needed a job. In a week, Jimmy was so busy with his delivery route and the Boy Scouts that he forgot the episode in the park, and all the elements that drove him to it were removed from his life.

The Youth Bureau had done its job.

Park Police Lieut. William J. Szarat learned about Chicago's teen-age crime first-hand. Born in a tough section on the West Side, he grew up among boys to whom raiding railroad cars and pilfering from stores was a normal pastime. Some of his pals turned professional and followed the inevitable path to prison. His father's decision to move to a better part of the city, Szarat says now, played an important part in leading him to a future of hunting down criminals instead of being among the hunted.

"IT WAS an unusual experience to meet boys my age who didn't have police records," Szarat said. "They didn't duck everytime a policeman rounded a corner. To them, fun wasn't pitching rocks through windows. They preferred a baseball game, or a Scout meeting, or a father-and-son picnic. At first, I thought they were a strange bunch, but years later I realized that the difference wasn't in the boys, but in their parents."

This deduction stayed with Bill Szarat as he grew up. The son of a city policeman, he followed his father's footsteps. In 1932, after studying law at De Paul University, he joined the Chicago Park District Police Division, a special law enforcement agency with jurisdiction over the city's parks and boulevards. He

rose quickly through the ranks, and it was as sergeant-secretary to Chief Roger F. Shanahan that, in 1945, he proposed an idea that has revolutionized police handling of juvenile offenders.

The Chief listened to Szarat's plan, then went with him to George T. Donoghue, General Superintendent of the Chicago Park District. Word that Donoghue approved Szarat's "wild" scheme and, furthermore, appointed him director of the newly formed Youth Bureau flashed through the six hundred-man police force. The plan was this:

A juvenile case would not be considered closed upon the arrest. Specially trained officers would make personal investigations into the home life of each offender to seek there the cause of the crime. The cause discovered, the problems would be referred to the proper welfare agency for assistance.

That, many police leaders said, was turning a policeman into a social worker. Szarat maintained that it was allowing law enforcement agencies to do a more thorough job.

To guide Szarat, Superintendent Donoghue appointed a panel of Chicago's experts in juvenile care. A training course was devised, and, from the entire force, only thirty policemen qualified for it. Szarat wanted men who preferred juvenile work and who had young children of their own, because he felt these would be more sympathetic to the program. Of the thirty, the eight with the highest grades in the examinations were appointed to the Youth Bureau. To them, Szarat said:

"You're not just policemen anymore. You're big brothers to every kid in Chicago who needs you. Let's do more than merely arrest our teen-age offenders. Let's

find out the *why* for each *one* of them. Every school, every church, every city office, every welfare agency in town, is ready to help us. Now, let's help the kids."

Then he gave the men their first instructions. They would not wear uniforms, not treat the kids like criminals, even repeaters, not maintain offices anywhere near a jail, not send the kids to the detention home, except in extreme cases, not take cases to juvenile court, except when prescribed by law.

This brought a big laugh from many corners of the country. "You're pampering the kids," people said. "They'll take advantage of you. Be tough; that's all that works."

"Wait and see," Szarat said.

With the support and co-operation of his superiors, Szarat went to work. Those who believed in the program and those who did not watched his first years carefully. The facts they wanted were in his files.

Fred T., fifteen, was identified in a park by the man from whose store he stole two dollars from the counter. The home-investigation revealed that Fred's father was unemployed and his mother was pregnant. Both conditions incited frequent family quarrels, and the boy rarely received parental attention. Through the Youth Bureau referrals, the father located a job and the mother received free medical treatment. Fred, educated, through conferences with Szarat, to his family responsibilities, found a job as a messenger, repaid the money he stole, and escaped what might have become a career of serious crime.

TONY L., thirteen, was apprehended with three pals as they rifled parked cars. They admitted they sold their loot to a junkman, who was subsequently arrested and sentenced for contributing to the delinquency of minors.

"At Tony's home," Szarat explains, "we found that his desires for personal recognition were frustrated by the fact that there were ten other children in the family. Overshadowed at home, he was an easy victim when the junkman offered him a chance to show off by leading his bullied pals in daring crimes."

Szarat, too, gave Tony a chance to show off. He bluffed the boy into admitting that he was a tough kid, then challenged him to fight a lad half his size at the gymnasium of the Catholic Youth Organization. Tony was brutally defeated, humiliated before his gang, and he contested the fight on the grounds that his opponent was better trained.



Bill Szarat, Director of Chicago Police Youth Bureau, gives friendly advice to a teen-age girl, as her mother and father look on. Bill has a way of building up friendship and trust

GLENN D. KITTLER, associate editor of *Coronet*, has published articles in many leading publications.

AWAY WITH THE TOWERS OF SONG

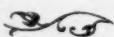
by J. CORSON MILLER

*The summer's syllogisms surge in the crowded meadow,
Beneath bright panels of leaves, its citizens pass;
What might the rumors of wounds portend in the grass?
There was One, Who lay prone praying, with the moon in shadow.*

*What profits me the wisdom of the wildwood, the curlew's elation,
The bliss of the brookfall-minnows in their silvery arc,
While the pain of the God-Man pounds my heart in the dark!*

*I said I will make of my mind a rune and a ritual,
Panoplied and patterned like roses encrusted in gold;
And the joy of all living creation will race through my being,
As the rich panoramas of life before me unfold.*

*But my soul heard the drip of His blood, my eyes met His eyes,
My sins rained down in red from His face and His hair—
Away with the towers of song, built from heart's exultation,
'T were better to kneel in repentance in His temple of prayer.*



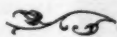
THE DELEGATES OF GOD

by CLIFFORD J. LAUBE

*Nature is never neutral. Nor is hers
A role impassive, facing good and ill.
Rather is she, among God's ministers,
Most duteous, and wedded to His will.*

*Better than we know her, she knows her Cause.
She hears the whispers of the seraphim.
And no man ever mocked at Heaven's laws
But nature also rose and chastened him.*

*Blind in their folly are the foes of God
Who deem that earth and evolution's wave
Are their confederates, and faith a fraud.
Time is God's servant, not the devil's slave.*



IN ST. CATHERINE'S WOODS

by SISTER AGNES, C.S.J.

*Say to the young girls: "Leave the gentians there
Beaming blue light beneath the sumac leaves . . ."*

*While Truth, the Flower of your minds
Gives up its golden pollen
The Wind sows the fresh Word you speak
And the warm, fruitful Sun of all your seasons
Gives His still energy to every seed.*

*Because you go straight to the point of Love
Your windows, walks, and woods illuminate
The pages you assign from the great books.*

*With Aristotle, Thomas, Maritain
Say to the young girls:
"Love is reverent.
All that you love, leave growing."*

"You want another chance at him?" Szarat asked.

"You bet I do," said Tony.

"All right," Szarat said. "Show up here three afternoons a week for training. There are a lot of things you can learn around here. Your gang, too. But if any of you get into trouble again, the deal is off, and we'll reconsider the incident that brought you here today. Okay?"

Tony looked silently at Szarat for a moment, more touched by the fairness offered him than by any need to measure the proposition. "Okay," he said, softly.

That happened two years ago. Today, Tony is one of the best CYO-boxers and he is no longer a police problem. His family, impressed by the medals he has won, look at him with new eyes and often go to watch him fight. Like hundreds of other Chicago teen-agers, Tony learned that Bill Szarat was more than a cop: he was a friend.

"In almost every case, we've found the cause for kid crimes right in the home," Szarat says. "From our records, it's safe to say that an unhappy home and poverty are the breeding grounds for the majority of our juvenile delinquents."

Adhering to his policy of always giving the kid a break, Szarat's records show that out of ten thousand cases handled from 1946 to 1950, only 2½ per cent were committed to institutions of any kind because there was no other solution. Others were either fully released or probationed to Szarat, their parents, or the Juvenile Court. And the number has decreased.

IN FORMER days and less sympathetic hands, most of these same boys and girls would either have been sent to reformatories or probationed under strict control. How many of them, resenting such treatment and rebelling against it, would have gone on to become adult criminals, no one can tell. It is safe to deduce, however, that, because of Bill Szarat's Youth Bureau, America will have many more useful citizens tomorrow.

Now forty-one, and with the build of a football player, Szarat refuses to accept full credit for his success.

"All I had at the beginning was the realization of the need and the germ of an idea," he says. "Chief Shanahan, Superintendent Donoghue, the panel of professional advisers, and my staff of excellent officers, whose enthusiasm matches my own, have made the bureau what it is. Fighting juvenile delinquency is a community project. One man can co-ordinate the program, but he can't do the job alone.

"As for me, I've received more out of my work than I have put into it, and the most valuable part has been what, unfortunately, many youngsters can't find at home: friendship and trust.



The star of "The Fred Waring Show" greets a few unusual guests

Radio and TELEVISION

by
DOROTHY KLOCK

The Fred Waring Show

With Easter Sunday, 1949, as the jumping-off point, *The Fred Waring Show* is now well into its third year on television. It holds its place easily and steadfastly as one of the most distinguished musical presentations to be seen on the video screen.

Coming to TV with a background in radio which started in 1933, Waring was determined to bring the same fresh approach to many kinds of music in this new medium with eye as well as ear appeal. The present lively, smooth-running productions show clearly that he kept that promise to himself. But the first cycle of thirteen broadcasts proved rough going.

In their radio formation, the Pennsylvanians used to group themselves symmetrically, in tiers behind the mikes, with the band on one side and maestro Waring in front. It was quickly apparent that this static, block formation wasn't

the thing for television. The obvious need was for interesting grouping of both choral and orchestral members of the team.

Dancer-choreographer Nadine Gae, wife of one of Waring's instrumentalists, was engaged to make lithe performers of all members of the company. Early rehearsals were closed to on-lookers to prevent self-consciousness from settling on the performers. And it all worked. There is now comfort, ease, and grace from the first trombone right down to the last baritone.

The transition from radio to television also raised the problem of interpreting music visually without the music becoming merely a background for the visual setting. The idea of planning and staging numbers in unified sequences was developed. Groups of related songs are hinged together by continuity. For the most part, *The Fred Waring Show* is now made up of two

major sequences, usually staged and costumed and often using dancing, plus one group of concert numbers in which clever lighting and expert camera work do the dramatizing.

Television meant memorizing most of the music. A performer never had to be anything but a quick sight-reader on radio. New material on TV requires much more time in preparation. And then, it cannot be repeated too often. On radio, the Pennsylvanians might repeat a currently popular tune four times in two weeks, and perhaps a dozen times in six months. On television, only rarely is an outstanding number repeated. Each week, the company must immediately forget yesterday's show and start memorizing about twenty-four songs for the next broadcast.

The problem of make-up reared its colorful head, especially for the men. At first they all used the same shade of pancake powder, regardless of their coloring. During the past year, they all took a training course in TV make-up. Now even the basso-profundos know how to shape an interesting eyebrow.

Television gives the Pennsylvanians a chance to use many of their latent talents. All are encouraged to make suggestions. Many arrange their own numbers. Bob Banner, the young, versatile director of the show, whips all the elements into a neat package which is a delight both to eye and ear. Performed within a kidney-shaped cyclorama encircling the 60' x 65' staging area of CBS-TV's Studio 58 in New York, both rehearsals and production on the air often resemble a three-ring circus.

But on your end of things at home, there are few television programs which will give you so pleasant, relaxed, and comfortable a feeling. It takes work, and plenty of it, to bring that about. Waring and his team are the boys, and the girls, who know how to do it. (CBS-TV, Sunday, 9:00-10:00 P.M., E.D.T.)

And Back in the World of Radio

(... happily, it's still around!)

EVA LE GALLIENNE PRESENTS THE NBC THEATRE is the new, fancied-up title of the summer NBC Theater series. The programs again are full-hour dramatizations of well-known novels, by current writers for the most part. Miss Le Gallienne, one of the country's best-known ladies of the theater, is mistress of ceremonies, and Edward King, the director. (Sunday, 7:30 P.M., E.D.T.)

THE NBC SYMPHONY is occupying, for the summer, the time-spot of *Theatre*

A spiritual thought for the month



"The Quiet of God"

by **WALTER FARRELL, O.P.**

The steps of God are quiet steps. The hand of God is light on the earth. There is no rasping of locks as He opens a man's heart. Heaven and earth sprang out of nothingness at the effortless command of God, silently. The Virgin answered: "Be it done unto me according to thy word." Before the words could echo, and more softly than that echo, the Son of God entered her womb. In the moonlight of the Garden, with only the Man in agony awake, the words of acceptance were hardly louder than the trickling blood of a sweat fed by a soul sorrowful unto death.

On Calvary, seven words were spaced over three hours of dying, sparsely enough to make this a quiet death. But it was not the words that redeemed men, but the blood spattering at the foot of the cross, unheard in the blasphemies of the mob.

God moves through the life of every man unobtrusively. The human soul is created and joined to the body's material to make a man, not in the tumult of love's reiterated dedication, but in the quiet of its aftermath, a quiet of mind, of heart, and of body; so silently that none but God knows another man has begun to live. This man is ushered into the family of God by the instrumentality of the words spoken and the water poured, but the grace that makes him a son enters with less of sound than the trickling water.

This man rises from the death of sin at the whispered words of absolution, but the resurrection itself is a quieter thing than the whisper. Mary's Son comes to this man as the Sacred Host slips down his throat, but still more quietly than that noiseless reception of the Sacrament. The Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, abiding in this man through the hours and the days, are not noisy neighbors.

It was in His image that God made man, an image verified not only in human nature, but in human action. There should be an affinity for quiet within us at rest and at work, for we

are God's images; just as there should be in us a weakness for noise because we are only images of God, not God Himself.

We know the difference between noise and quiet. A noisy day finds its perfect expression in the roar of city traffic in the rush hours: the sounds that beat on our ears are unrelated, unco-ordinated, and multiplied beyond all counting. A quiet day need not mean a time as silent as a snowy day in the dead of winter; there is a quiet too in spring, summer, and fall days, when the noises of nature blur into a kind of unity, a pattern fitting the season.

A quiet person is characteristically unhurried. It is not that he is idle, but that his hands and feet, his tongue, his head and heart are not racing in short spurts this way and that.

Our ordinary speech makes a quiet man synonymous with the big man, as opposed to the petty one; and very nearly synonymous with the elderly man from whom we expect a rich quietness. In our brighter moments, we see the holy person as possessed of the plenitude of this quiet. These three move through the lives of others with something of the reverent unobtrusiveness of God.

They image the divine in action. It is our misfortune that we so seldom notice that the big person in his magnanimity, the elderly man in his bitterly acquired experience, and the holy man in his divine living reflect the confidence, the wisdom, and the omnipotence of God.

There will always be some noise in our lives, for we are only images of God. Yet it is odd that we should so boast of roaring mills, busy streets, hustling, speed, and numbers. These are not for our pride but for our humiliation.

There must be quiet in our lives, and an exultation in the growth of that quiet, if we are not to be blind to what in us is for our nobility: that we are indeed God's image, like Him in intellect and will, in life and action,

Guild on the Air, which will return on September 16. The Symphony will again feature world-renowned conductors and distinguished soloists in selections from the shorter classics and from opera. (Sunday, 8:30-9:30 P.M., E.D.T.)

Thanks for the Catholic Hour

With the nationwide CATHOLIC HOUR currently broadcast over a new high of 127 NBC radio stations, the National Council of Catholic Men passed a unanimous resolution at its recent annual meeting expressing "gratitude and thanks" to NBC and its affiliates for the continuation of the program. The resolution stated, "We are particularly pleased that the reception of the *Catholic Hour* has now been extended over so many more stations of the National Broadcasting Company."

The program, produced in co-operation with the National Council of Catholic Men, has been broadcast by the network every Sunday but one since its start more than twenty years ago. It is currently presented Sundays at 2:00 P.M., E.D.T.

The Kuklapolitans on Vacation

When you read these lines, the Kuklapolitan Players will be off somewhere on a busy summer vacation whirl, but at the time of writing, the battle on the nature of that "somewhere" is still raging. We refer, of course, to the denizens of that delightful Monday-through-Friday half-hour of NBC-TV video whizbang, *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*, which will be back with you on August 27 at 7:00 P.M., E.D.T.

As we said, at the moment of writing, Kukla is scratching his bald head and Ollie is licking his one spick-and-span cotton tooth over the great vacation problem. Ollie, of course, wants the whole troupe, Fran and Burr Tillstrom included, to spend two months at Dragon Retreat, where he'll be among friends. Cecil Bill objects. "Doeee have to go there? I'm not goynnnng." Fran thinks California is the ideal place. But Madame Ooglepuss says there is no Shakespearean summer stock out west. Burr Tillstrom, who started the argument by creating all these wonderful little folks, says he guesses he'd like to go to Europe, taking the kids with him. Burr says the customs people won't mind if Ollie comes along and even brings his little cousin dragon, Dolores, too. "Why," says Burr, "dragons will feel just fine in Europe. That's where dragons came from!"

It's a good bet that when you are reading this, the Kuklapolitan Players will be carrying on their best traditions entertaining the boys in U. S. military camps across the Atlantic.

"Co-determination" is a word the economic
and social world is going to hear more often



Cardinal Frings

German Labor Leads The Way

by ANTHONY B. ATAR



Chancellor Adenauer

ON THE night of April 10, 1951, the West German Bundestag took a step and started a trail for labor all over the world to follow. What happened that night was headline material. A law was passed giving German workers more influence in basically privately owned property than Socialist reforms ever dreamed of doing in the nationalized industries of Great Britain and France. These workers were granted the "right of co-determination"—*Mitbestimmungsrecht*, the Germans call it—in the management and operation of the iron and steel industry and the coal mines.

Here is what the new law means: In these industries the workers are guaranteed a 50 per cent share—the same as the owners possess—in the top direction of management and in all matters having to do with social, personnel, and policy questions. Existing boards of directors are to be increased to include eleven members, five of whom are elected by the stockholders, five by the workers. The eleventh member, who is also the chairman, must be elected jointly by the other ten.

Within the two groups of five, four board members represent the owners and four the employees. The remaining two members are to be public figures, one chosen by the owners and one by the workers. Of the four labor delegates, two are to be elected directly by the workers employed in the plant and two under the suggestion of the unions. In this way, the unions receive the as-

surance of at least two representatives.

Now, precisely because co-determination offers a solution to the social problem, without recourse to Marxist statism but rather with solid roots in Christian thought, the German program is important. In spite of Socialist attempts to use the law for their own ends, the contribution of German Catholics to its adoption was preponderant. This Christian aspect has been largely overlooked by the daily press in this country. Erroneously, it termed the new law Socialist-inspired.

Nothing could be more remote from reality, and enlightened Catholic public opinion would be well advised to distinguish in this as in so many other cases of social reform between measures based on the Marxist superstate and those introduced as a result of the Papal social encyclicals. In spite of certain imperfections, the German co-determination law falls under the latter category.

When on January 26, 1951, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer decided under pressure of a strike threat by 750,000 Ruhr workers to grant the law of co-determination, his decision came as a climax to a long fight with the conservative parties in the government opposed to the measure. It required real courage for the Chancellor to risk breaking up his Cabinet by promising to enact the law. The program itself, however, was not new for Germany.

As far back as the Weimar Constitution of 1919, workers were guaranteed "equal rights in common with manage-

ment in regulating conditions of wages and work, as well as the right to co-operate in the common economic development of productive forces." The Works Council Law of 1920 was the result of this constitutional guarantee. "Works councils" became highly developed in German industry until Hitler arrived on the scene.

After twelve years of suppression, under the Allied occupation works councils were set up again and the principle of workers' co-determination was written into several of the states' constitutions.

From the very beginning, German Catholics have been champions of this movement. The present law, however, is the result of the efforts of German Catholic circles in co-operation with the trade unions. Consequently, it bears the imprint of the wishes of both.

In the postwar period, Catholics in Germany decided to emerge from their Catholic "Zentrum" Party and the Catholic unions—and have joined hands with non-Catholics within the Christian Democratic Party and the Federation of Trade Unions created after the war.

The German Federation of Trade Unions is the only unity labor organization in Europe, embracing Christian, Socialist, and Communist workers, which has survived the threat of Communist domination. Similar federations in France and Italy broke up when the threat became a reality. In no small part, credit is due to the Catholic labor leaders that the German organization continues to be a success.

These Catholic leaders assumed a constructive approach to the new organization from the beginning. They

accepted it as a fine opportunity for meeting and influencing non-Christian workers. While in the former denominational unions, Christians had no contact with the other workers except in heated arguments at mass meetings, in the new system the entire six million members of the German Federation of Trade Unions are open to the interplay of moral and intellectual forces.

Dr. Krehle, Minister of Labor in Bavaria and a veteran Catholic unionist, described it to the writer in the following way: "Through the over-all labor organization, Catholic leaders have acquired a splendid opportunity for apostleship. This is the principal reason why we favor this system rather than the old division into Christian and non-Christian unions. Thus far the method has proved effective. Should, however, the Communists succeed some day in threatening the organization with their control, we would have to disband it and return to the old Christian unions. This threat has not materialized so far." In spite of this prevalent opinion, it should be remarked, there are still circles in Germany championing separate Christian unions.

The apostleship of which Dr. Krehle spoke took shape in the Catholic initiative in preparing social reforms along the lines of Catholic social doctrine. The goal of co-determination became the most outstanding among the suggested reforms. Catholic priests and laymen, employers and employees, labor leaders and intellectuals started working on it during the early postwar days when Germany was still in chaos.

As a principle to guide Catholics throughout the country, co-determination was adopted in 1947 at the inaugural national session of the Catholic Social Week—a permanent study and research institute in Munich in which leading German brains collaborate. The moving spirit and brilliant director of the Institute is Father Franz Prinz, S.J. The series of resolutions then adopted were the first public declara-

tion of German Catholics on social issues since the war.

Soon afterward, Cardinal Frings of Cologne issued a statement in which he said, "The struggle toward a greater participation in the responsibility of leadership in individual firms and higher organs is a legitimate concern of present-day labor as it was in the past. It must consequently not be ridiculed or attacked but recognized as a fitting and binding goal and so far as it is possible put into execution. . . . As co-bearers and a co-determining factor in the whole economic order, employees have the definite right and the honorable duty to determine jointly the general economic policy of Germany."

Much was spoken, much was written on the subject. All this prepared the ground for the decisive moment when in September 1949 the National Catholic Convention (*Katholikentag*) at Bochum passed its now famous resolution giving full-hearted support to the goal of workers' co-determination: "Catholic workers and employers are agreed that the right of co-determination for the workers in social, personal, and economic questions is a natural right in the order intended by God to which corresponds the obligation of co-responsibility for all. We demand that this right be established by law. . . ."

Every group, whether employer or employee, began in the days that followed to further enthusiastically the attainment of co-determination. These were days of satisfaction and jubilation in which various controversial aspects were either put aside or unnoticed.

The first to voice words of caution was Cardinal Frings, original supporter of co-determination, who in a public statement advised a somewhat slower pace in pushing through legislation on co-determination, until the matter was thrashed out in face-to-face talks between employers and employees.

All German statements on co-determination had thus far been careful to keep the formulation of goals in har-

mony with papal teaching. The latest pronouncement of the Holy Father dealing with the social question had been four months before the Bochum resolution. Pope Pius XII, in his address to Catholic employers in May, had called for legislation that would establish a status of public law, settling economic problems on the basis of joint responsibility of all engaged in the same production. He warned, however, against treating every private firm as subject primarily to public law and consequently open to its interference in all aspects of labor-management relations. Each enterprise, whether fully private or a corporation, is first of all subject to private law, the Holy Father said, and the manager must be master of his own economic decisions.

THERE was no doubt about it; this put definite restrictions on the degree in which economic decisions of management can be interfered with. In their great and laudable zeal, the labor-management committee which prepared the draft for the Bochum resolution, and was to remain the permanent supervisor over its execution, failed to remember this point. In a section of the draft, which was eventually deleted from the final text, they placed the right to co-determination on the same level as the natural right to private property. What was still worse, mistakenly this text was released to the newspapers as a part of the final resolution, which it was not. This was a most unfortunate slip.

An outburst of discussion and debate followed and lasted for months. Some maintained co-determination was as much a part of the natural law as private property. Others, better trained theologically, denied it. Finally, the Holy Father once again settled the issue. To the sorrow of many enthusiastic supporters of co-determination, in an address delivered to the Congress of Social Studies in May, 1950, he definitely stated that co-determination must be subordinated to the rights of private property as part of the natural law. In addition to this, the Pope issued a warning to labor not to repeat the mistake of capital in allowing too much control in the hands of anonymous forces. He drew a parallel between anonymous capital controlling large corporations without any sense of responsibility and the powerful trade unions which might tend to do the same with the workers.

This was an important point for the co-determination issue. It made a clear distinction between participation in management by workers actually employed in the plant and that of delegates from the outside speaking solely

All-American Girl



► An elderly lady made a visit to Lake Success. After a kindly welcome by a young receptionist, she sat in all day on international discussions, wearing the headphone which permitted her to hear the speeches as conveyed in English by "simultaneous interpretation." She had lunch and tea in the great UN cafeteria and was among the last of the visitors to leave the building.

As she departed, the young receptionist inquired: "Well, how do you like the UN?"

"Oh, it's very nice," the old lady crowed. "But why do they have so many foreigners around?"

Hans Toch in "UN World"

for the unions—anonymous forces would have control.

These developments illustrate to what degree the co-determination issue was and still is the subject of nation-wide, violent debate. Volumes have already been written on the subject and innumerable speeches delivered.

The various aspects of the co-determination issue as they come into focus in discussion are in brief outline as follows: One, on which the Bochum declaration and other utterances placed special accent, is workers' co-determination on the plant level. It indeed is most vital because it affects labor-management relations directly. The other is the question of workers' participation in economic organs of administration. While the latter in today's Europe is relatively simple and taken as a matter of course, the former presents the real problem, especially insofar as the degree of labor's intervention in management is concerned.

For example, hardly any Catholic employer in Germany would object today to works councils' participation in the decisions concerning social and personal affairs of the workers. But it is a different matter when labor requests co-determination in the actual management of business and economic operations. Thus, most of the discussion has centered around this issue.

Most employers maintain that economic co-determination infringes upon the rights of private property. Union leaders, on the other hand, argue that without equal voice in economic policies of the plant, in the matter of organization of sales, selection of markets, etc., co-determination would be meaningless. After all, they say, on the policy of the firm depends whether business is successful and consequently whether labor can expect job security and decent wages. This was especially true with the old cartels, in which decisions on prices, on operating or shutting down plants, were made between the "bosses," while the workers suffered the consequences without having the chance to say anything in self-defense.

CONCERNING this vital question, Father Oswald Von Nell-Bruening, S.J., distinguished author and theologian, makes a distinction between small plants and large corporations. Advocating co-determination as a principle, he stresses that it basically constitutes intervention of public law and considerations of public order into matters of private character: property. Referring

ANTHONY B. ATAR writes a syndicated column which appears in various Catholic diocesan publications. While in Germany, he made an extended survey of economic conditions.



Typical steel plant in the Ruhr where workers cooperate and co-manage

to *Quadragesimo Anno*, he underlines, however, that its author, Pope Pius XI, had the extension of such an intervention in mind as a way of fostering social justice. But this intervention cannot go so far as to destroy the essential natural right of man to private property.

This danger is much smaller in a corporation where the manager is also a hired person employed by the board of directors. In such a case, Father Nell-Bruening maintains, there is no reason why the manager should not be equally responsible to shareholders and to representatives of workers. In small firms, on the other hand, where the manager is usually also the owner, full-scale co-determination would be synonymous with a veto power of the employees in relation to the employer. In these cases, co-determination should be arrived at on the basis of mutual agreement between the owner and the workers, defining the degree of their participation in management by mutual consent.

The degree of the unions' influence through co-determination is another issue of explosive character. To quote the *Frankfurter Hefte*, the argument runs as follows: While the employer is strong due to his capital and creative personality, the workers' strength is due to their solidarity with other workers and the support of the unions. Thus, were workers deprived of the union's support, the balance of power between the partners within the enterprise would be upset. On the other hand, intervention of the unions in the plants

does in fact constitute a danger of destroying the sovereignty of the owner. Hence the complaints against the "socialistic" aspect of co-determination. Here are two angles of the same problem which must somehow be reconciled.

What is essential and truly Catholic in co-determination is that it elevates the worker to a status of equal dignity with the employer as a human individual. As Father Nell-Bruening says, at present "it no longer is possible to imagine co-operation between capital and labor without bringing workers into confidence, co-responsibility, and to a certain degree into co-determination. Details can be settled in many ways; what cannot be refused is the basic demand."

Thus far, as a result of Chancellor Adenauer's decision, co-determination enters only into large corporations, making the hired manager responsible equally to representatives of capital and labor. Other forms of co-determination will be long discussed before they become a reality. Consequently, the final aspect of the problem still belongs to the future.

One thing can be said about the German Catholics—priests, statesmen, labor leaders, and intellectuals alike—by courageously joining hands with the unions, they have achieved a major result. If, due to this co-operation, German unions appear to have forgotten about the Socialist goal of nationalization of industry and have embarked on the co-determination program as their supreme objective, it is a splendid Christian victory over Karl Marx.

TOO YOUNG TO LIVE

To live, that is, as a religious or a seminarian. But—some parents think—not too young for marriage, war, or the milder forms of hotcha

by JOHN O'CONNOR



IT IS only young nations that can be vigorous ones. Only nations young in spirit and replete with youth can wage major conflicts.

Today, according to the best information available across the country, we are accelerating the aging process. This is particularly true as regards vocations.

People just turned twenty-one may study for their Master of Arts or their doctorate in distant and strange communities. They can fly a jet plane in defense of their country and in peril of their life . . . or the chance of a series of anonymous years spent in silent labor camps "north of the circle."

They may start to study for a profession involving extended periods of time, completely unchaperoned. They may attend questionable or blasphemous movies or plays. They may even date divorced people because " . . . they were such good friends when they were growing up." They may do all these things, but young man or young woman, young fellow or young girl: *you must not think of the religious life:*

"You're not old enough."

This has been the chilling experience of the busiest and most acute retreat masters in several parts of the country. They admitted privately to the author that there are scores of young men and young women who would be in religious orders or, in the case of some men, in diocesan seminaries, if there were not

opposition by parents, elders, and friends. "The seed is crushed before it can take root," as one expressed it.

One extremely alert retreat master leaned back in his chair when I mentioned this matter. He pushed his biretta back on his head as he sighed with exasperation. "I've noted over two-score cases myself in the past three months," he said. "And that probably goes for the rest of the unit I work with."

"It's ridiculous when you think of it," he went on. "Mary gave her consent—don't forget that, *her consent*—to God when she was but sixteen."

"The God-man was going about His Father's business when He was twelve. Many of the parents who are blocking early marriages or vocations today, were themselves married when they were eighteen."

Another retreat master reflected another side to the problem. His observations were even more acrid.

"Movie stars who marry at eighteen, and people who are successes in radio or television, receive applause. Stars of the sports world draw crowds to arenas, to diamonds, to gridirons. They are applauded, held up to the young—and the world in general—as exemplars. Yet let someone of the same age as these headlines mention cloister, missions, or schools, and there is a chill silence."

Regretfully at first, but often with a note of subdued triumph, the men who

know the innermost yearnings of youth tell strange tales from their experiences and from the problems that have come to them through the years.

One case—well, let Father X of a large city on the Atlantic coast tell it:

"A girl, at the age of twenty-two, entered a cloistered order. She went all through the preliminary steps and now is fully professed."

"When her mother—who is permitted to see her on rare occasions—does come to the convent, she determinedly drives up in a new car and reminds her daughter that a new convertible and the latest clothes stored in it await her outside."

"The story is true. The girl is happy and fully professed. The mother was to see her at Christmas time and repeated the act for the sixth time in recent years. She won't accept the eternal facts to this day."

"Sometimes the opposition is not direct," said another priest, "and sometimes it is just as effective as the 'keep-'em-down' technique. I have in mind a specific case in which the wealthy father of an internationally prominent family pleaded with his oldest daughter—she was eighteen at the time—that she should 'finish college first, before making a final choice of such great importance.'"

"A few months before the end of college, the oblique pressure began again. Her father began shrewdly and lightly to

mention that it would be well if she would stay with her parents until her youngest brothers and sisters would be in college.

"Well, she gradually gave in to that! And just as gradually, the vocation withered on the vine. Today she is a person with little courage and less determination."

Parish priests and confessors, as well as retreat masters, can tell of all sorts of influences: emotional reactions, tears, rage, anger, and even in this day of ours—physical beatings as in one case the writer met. Today she is a postulant in a strict order. The priest who introduced me to this future nun was amused at my reaction.

"Don't you reveal the area I'm from or the year it happened, but when I was somewhat along in my studies in my order, one of my classmates was literally kidnapped off the grounds where we were studying. He is Father X today and is extremely happy."

Basically, as viewed by these men who have keys to the hearts of the young, vocations seem to come during youthful years, the years of high romance and challenge and dare . . . and where there is no weighing of the cost. Vocations are seldom schemes for retreat from the world and for security: they are a complete surrender to Love.

Nor is every applicant accepted, any more than everyone who enters remains. Experienced, qualified, and specially selected men and women help to decide and to guide the applicants.



Her mother tempts her with a brand-new convertible

"When parents step in, they literally intrude themselves in God's place, and help to stifle conscience and the call that has been given the young man or woman," another commented.

"Put it this way," his companion who was listening while we talked, interjected: "We are asked to make sacrifices to prepare for war. But youth cannot make the greatest of sacrifices in order to win the only war that ever counted."

He turned to me. "I'm in my own order many years. And if there's anything makes me see red, it is the spouted prejudice that life in an order smothers the personality."

"Man, I've been a superior in my day, over many men. Our long training does keep us strongly knit on essentials and the rules. But on other things! You've got personalities galore on your hands, with opinions ranging the scale from approval to condemnation on TV, baseball, politics, labor, music, and each other's sermons. Buried, indeed! The communities are full of life, challenge, work, hobbies, and sometimes some awfully rapid and witty exchanges."

"At least," he snorted, "we're not the victims of style, of pressure, propaganda, and publicity. It's the world that is buried, not us."

Another aspect, which none of my informants touched on, but which has been watched by this reporter for some time, is the effect that a decline in vocations can have on the institutions staffed by the Catholic Church in this nation.

Several years ago Father John Considine, a Maryknoll authority on mission needs, wrote a book that cited the vocation problem for "Catholic" Latin America. The title highlighted the need: *Call for Forty Thousand*.

THOUSANDS are needed here, too. We have a desperate call for trailer missions in the South where so many people, generations ago, lost the Faith because the missionaries were so few. The number of Irish and Bavarian names among Methodists and Baptists, and at the snake-biting, Bible-thumping road revivals is proof of this wastage.

Introduce Catholic social principles in those areas? Be medical missionaries? Explain and expand the work of the Catholic Rural Life Congress to our fellow Americans? Many Catholics approve, but won't let their own flesh and blood join the ranks.

These reports, reflections, and incidents do not contradict the fact that some religious orders have experienced an avalanche of new members. Long before the world knew of Thomas Merton, the severe Trappists had an enlarged enrollment that challenged their accommodations, and four new monasteries have sprung into existence. The



Parents have even kidnapped their sons from seminaries

Dominicans and the Jesuits, also with goodly numbers, are experiencing some congestion, this reporter was told. Many ex-servicemen, having come to appreciate discipline and community life, determined to continue that way, but on the highest, the ultimate plane of service.

Nor does this ignore the scores of hundreds of parents, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, benefactors, or friends, whose sacrifices and encouragement make vocations possible. They are legion, the silent service.

But the grim fact remains: there are more potential vocations to the convent and the priesthood than there are presently known and openly admitted candidates. There are possibly thousands who, due to pressure, paternalism, or propaganda, have their vocations wither on the vine and become frustrated, quietly embittered, scrupulous, or even cynical people. Youth should not be pushed into vocations, but elders and friends should act as wise recruiting sergeants when a candidate for the ranks appears. Conscriptio is ruled out. Volunteers should be welcomed. If they are old enough to live for their studies, to die for their country, then they are old enough to live and die for Christ.

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A SHOCK FOR THE

Raven

by MAURA LAVERTY

MRS. FEENEY had more sincerity than might have been expected of the mother of an only son when she said she would be glad to see Brian get married and bring in a wife. Few believed her, but she really meant it. "I'm poor company for him," she often said, "and in a big old place like ours there's more work than can be managed by an elderly woman like myself with no one to help her but a raw servant girl."

It was true for her. Rambling old Killeevin could have done with a young mistress to keep fresh, frilly curtains on its windows and to keep a shine on the heavy mahogany furniture. It could have done with children, too, Mrs. Feeney thought, to chase away the silence with their laughing and their quarreling and their playing.

That was why she was genuinely pleased when Brian, at thirty-five, suddenly showed all the signs and symptoms of a man who is courting. She said nothing at all, nor did he, when he took to shaving himself every evening as soon as the cows were milked and the supper over. She never once asked him where he was going when, changed from his working clothes into his Sunday suit, he set off on his bicycle down the Newbridge road. In her heart she may have said, "Heaven grant she's a nice girl who'll make him happy," or, "May she bring peace and content into this house, whoever she is." But though she felt a natural curiosity, she had little anxiety. She knew that she could trust her son, knew that he would tell her all he thought she ought to know as soon as the time would be ripe.

Mrs. Donnelly anticipated him with the news.

It was Sunday afternoon. Brian had gone off looking ever more lover-like than usual with a rose in his lapel and a jauntiness in his step. "You needn't wait tea on me, Mother," he had said. "I won't be back till late."

His mother nodded in a satisfied way. When he was gone, she said to Maggie Dunne, the servant girl, "I'm thinking there will be changes in Killeevin before the year's out."

Maggie poured hot water from the ash-coated kettle into the washing-up basin. "It looks like it, ma'am," she

agreed. "Won't it be an ease to you?" She plunged her strong red hands into the water and stirred up the sprinkling of washing soda.

"It will, indeed," Mrs. Feeney agreed. "And though these things are all in the hands of God, I must say I'm looking forward to seeing my grandchildren running around the place. Hand me the tea-towel, Maggie, and I'll do the drying."

Happily, the two women made short work of the washing-up. Mrs. Feeney was putting the last plate into its place on the dresser when they heard a step outside the window, a slow, heavy, consequential step.

Maggie looked out. "It's herself," she said with rueful resignation. "It's The Raven."

"What bad news has she this time, I wonder?" Mrs. Feeney untied the strings of her apron. "Show her into the parlor, Maggie."

There were few in the place who welcomed the coming of Mrs. Donnelly. She was a woman who well deserved her nickname. Never did a bird of ill-omen take more delight in carrying news that was likely to alarm or disturb. In some peculiar way, the great commiseration she lavished with her tidings always doubled their disturbing effect.

She called on Mrs. Feeney that Sunday afternoon with a pint of black-currant jam and a gallon of sympathy. She lowered herself onto the black horse-hair sofa. Her untidy bulk jellied into position like a heap of dingy cushions. It was a hot afternoon, and she puffed distressfully. Looking at neat-figured little Mrs. Feeney sitting across from her, so cool and composed, Sarah Donnelly felt a surge of the old resentment. As in the case of many a friendship which is made up of association and propinquity, this resentment was a thing that crouched just beneath the surface of her feeling for Mary Feeney, a quick and active thing that was always ready to spring and unsheath its claws. As Mrs. Donnelly mopped her flushed and streaming face, she comforted herself with the reflection that the sensation she

was about to cause would make her half-mile walk in the sun well worthwhile.

She sighed gustily and shifted in her chair. "Do you know what it is, Mary?" she opened. "The longer I live, the more I realize that maybe I'm as well off to be childless."

"Why do you say that, Sarah?" Mrs. Feeney asked with kindness. She had always been sorry for Mrs. Donnelly and for every other woman who had been denied the joy of a child.

"For the simple reason that I'm able to enjoy my old age in comfort without being upset and worried by the carryings-on of young people." Mrs. Donnelly's broad face was wreathed in complacency. "Yes, indeed. Every day in the week, I'm looking at them that thought fit to pity me, being driven out of their minds with worry by the selfishness and ingratitude of their sons and daughters. And the sons are the worst. My heart goes out to every unfortunate woman with a marriageable son."

"Ah, I don't know, now," Mrs. Feeney said reasonably. "Take my Brian. He never gave me an hour's worry in his life."

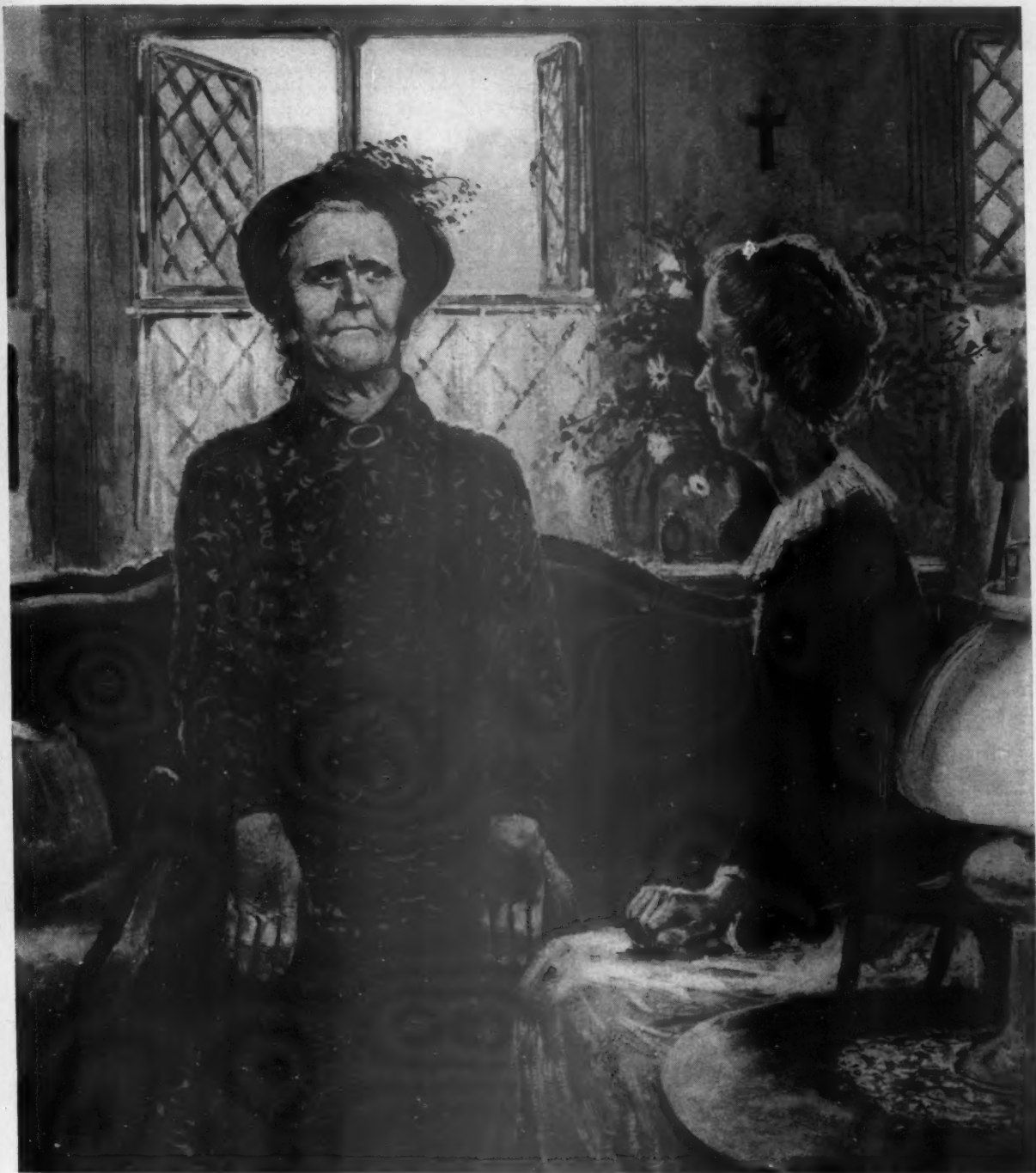
THIS WAS the opening for which Mrs. Donnelly had been maneuvering. She leaned forward, a podgy hand on either fat knee. "Heaven help you, Mary," she sympathized. "It's little you know how he's planning and plotting to upset your home by bringing in a strange woman on top of you. You have all my sympathy, you creature."

"Oh, that!" There was relief in Mrs. Feeney's voice. For a second or two, Sarah Donnelly had had her worried. "For Brian to take a wife would be no upset to me, Sarah. It would be a relief and an ease. Amn't I always saying it? And I can tell you that I'm more than pleased now that he's showing signs of being interested in some girl in Newbridge."

Mrs. Donnelly was chagrined. She had hoped that Mrs. Feeney would have been in ignorance of the reason for Brian's trips to Newbridge. So that was the way Mary Feeney was taking it, was it? She



Like a bird of ill omen, Mrs. Donnelly was a habitual carrier of unpleasant tidings. And Mary Feeney's household was next on her calling list



ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

Mrs. Donnelly leaned forward. "Heaven help you, Mary" she sympathized

was going to brazen it out and pretend she didn't care?

The Raven looked at her friend with pitying admiration. "My life on you, Mary! I always said there was no one like you for showing a brave face to the world. You'd have the soft word even if your heart was afire with angry sorrow. But you don't have to put on a show with me, alanna. Amn't I your friend?"

"But I tell you it's far from anger and sorrow I am," Mrs. Feeney assured her. "I know my son, Sarah. I know that he'll bring no woman in here except one that's suitable."

Mrs. Donnelly shook her head slowly. "That's where you're sadly mistaken, Mary. Brian is planning to shame and humiliate you."

At last, her words had the desired effect. Satisfaction welled in her as she saw alarm leap into Mrs. Feeney's eyes and a pink flush of apprehension creep up under her skin. "Who is she?" she asked urgently. "Who or what is she, Sarah?"

"A domestic economy instructress, that's what she is!" Mrs. Donnelly sat back. "She's Anna Shields, the teacher beyond in Newbridge technical school. A highfalutin lassie from Dublin with strings of letters after her name. A college-trained cook with classy notions about dressed-up dishes who'll come in here and make little of your cooking, and who'll make your son wonder how he ever managed to reach manhood on the food you fed him! Heaven comfort you, Mary Feeney, because it's comfort you'll be needing."

There was little that Mrs. Feeney could say. There was so much truth in Mrs. Donnelly's words. Put as Sarah had put it, the situation offered her a poor chance of being able to go to her grave in peace and contentment. She realized now that much of her happy planning for the future had been based on visions of herself imparting all she knew of homemaking to a girl who would look up to her and respect her and treat her as an oracle. The thought of having to make way for a scornful college-trained cook filled her with woe.

She was plunged into deeper woe when Brian came to her a few days later to tell her the news he thought she would be delighted to hear.

"You'll love Anna, Mother," he said. "She's a grand girl—a girl after your own heart. I'll be bringing her over to tea next Sunday—the two of you will get on like a house on fire."

When Mrs. Donnelly called that evening, she found Mrs. Feeney sitting, de-

pressed and worried, with a cookery book in her hand. "It's what to give her for tea that has me distracted," she said, patting her soft gray hair in an agitated way. "If it was dinner, now. But I'm the worst hand in the world at making fancy cakes."

It was true. As was the case with most country women, the making of fancy cakes was as foreign to Mrs. Feeney as going upstairs to bed is foreign to a tinker. Plain bread was a different story. When it came to making plain sodabread, there was no one in the County Kildare who could hold a candle to her. The dough of her bread was as light and as white as bogcotton. The crust was always brittle and richly brown, with never a crack or a seam. The shape had a symmetry usually to be seen only in advertisement, and its flavor was the true, sweet nutty flavor of perfectly baked wheat.

But while good sodabread was all right in its way, it would not suffice of itself to make an attractive tea-table, particularly when the guest of honor was the girl that Brian was going to

• One way to meet expenses these days is just to turn in any direction.

marry. More particularly still when that girl was a domestic economy instructress who had learned all there was to be known about the grandeur of stylish confectionary.

"You're in a sad fix, to be sure," Mrs. Donnelly sympathized. "Isn't it the pity of the world that you never mastered the making of sweet cakes? A nice sponge cake, now, like mine, or a nice marble cake like the one I make with four eggs."

"What will I do, at all?" Mrs. Feeney lamented.

"And isn't it a most unfortunate thing," Mrs. Donnelly pursued relentlessly, "to be living in a desolate place like this where a nice fancy cake is not to be bought? You could, to be sure, send in to Kildare or Newbridge for one. But how would you know it wouldn't be stale, or that it wouldn't be made of margarine instead of butter? A trained instructress would be the first to notice a thing like that."

A thought struck Mrs. Feeney. "Sarah," she pleaded, "would you ever make a couple of cakes for me? A few real nice ones? I'll give you all the butter and sugar and eggs you want."

"With pleasure," Mrs. Donnelly said, and she meant it. She would enjoy being able to tell how Mrs. Feeney had had to call on her for help. "Wouldn't I do more than that to oblige an old friend?"

"You'll come to tea yourself on Sun-

day?" Mrs. Feeney invited, since there was no way out of it.

"With pleasure," Mrs. Donnelly repeated. To be able to give a first-hand account of the new Mrs. Feeney would be better still.

If Mrs. Feeney had been able to go on appearances only, she would have said that the girl that Brian led into the parlor on the following Sunday was the daughter-in-law for whom she had been praying. Anna Shiels was a slim, gray-eyed girl with brown hair and with the merry gentleness of a wren. It gave the elderly woman great happiness to see the way she looked at Brian and he at her. If only Anna hadn't the learning which was going to make her look down on her mother-in-law!

THE TABLE looked nice. Mrs. Donnelly had made a sponge cake with a swirl of icing to crown it, and her famous marble cake had risen nicely. For those who might like a bite of something plain to start, there was a plate of Mrs. Feeney's soda bread, thinly cut and well buttered.

Anna Shiels was one of those who like to start their tea with plain bread. She took a slice, and then another slice, and another slice after that.

"Here, have a bit of sweet cake," Mrs. Donnelly pressed. "What about a scrap of sponge, or a nice slice of marble cake?"

"I'd rather have this delicious soda bread, thanks," Anna said, helping herself to another slice. "I never tasted the like of it in my life. It would win a prize anywhere. How on earth do you make it, Mrs. Feeney?"

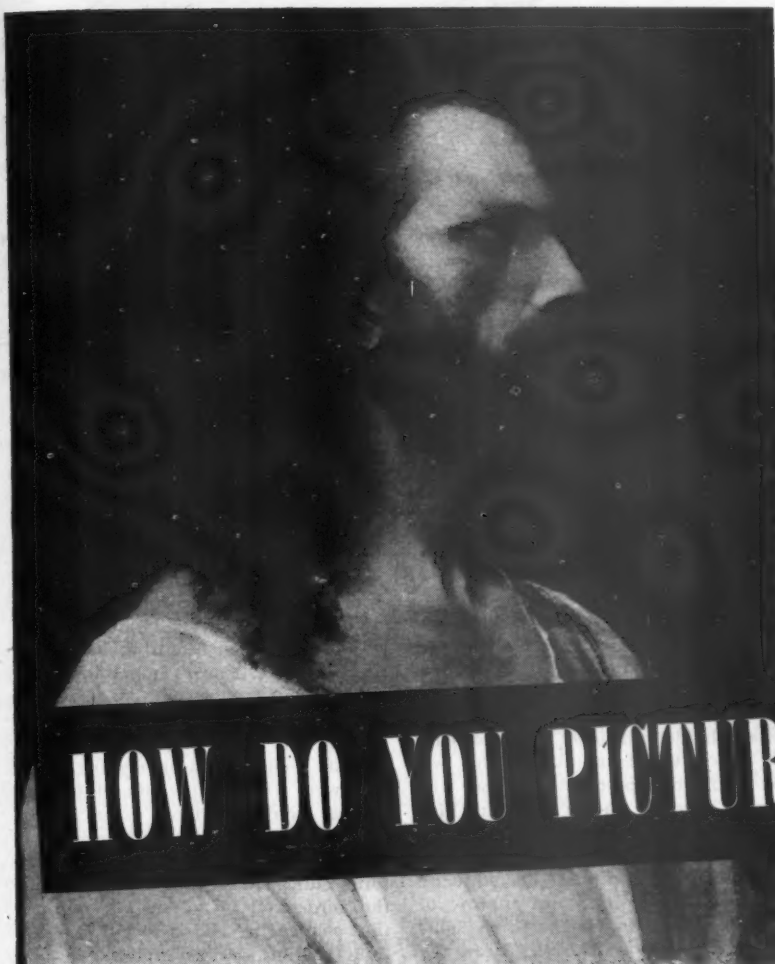
Pride and happiness dawned like the rising sun in Mrs. Feeney's face. "It's simple," she explained eagerly. "Just take the full of the little blue jug of milk, as much as you think of flour, a taste of salt and a suspicion of bread-soda. And then you mix it—but you don't wet it, if you know what I mean."

With a quick conspiratorial eye, The Raven tried to snare Anna's glance. As a woman who could follow the recipes in a cookery book, she was anxious to share with Anna the amusement a trained cook must feel to hear such a rule-of-thumb recipe.

But Anna's eyes were all for Mrs. Feeney. "I always think," she said with quiet seriousness, "that it's in the cooking of plain food a real cook shows herself. Take fancy cakes, now. Any fool can make a sweet cake that will pass. It stands to reason that if you mix up a lot of nice-tasting things like eggs and sugar and butter and cream you'll be bound to have something that will taste all right, particularly if you put a slather of icing over it. But there's no way of disguising

(Continued on page 69)

MAURA LAVERTY, Irish writer, has published four novels, the latest entitled *Liffey Lane*, and a book for juveniles. This is her second appearance in THE SIGN.



Christ and His message
can be sabotaged. Not only
by the Marxist creed of
the full belly and an
industrialized paradise.
But also by presenting Him
as all sugar and spice,
but mostly sugar

HOW DO YOU PICTURE CHRIST?

by

BERTRAND WEAVER, C.P.

"Jesus Christ Before Pilate," by M. De Munkacsy

A FEW years ago there appeared in an American journal an article by Alan Devoe on a subject to which we give too little attention, namely, representation of Christ in art. The author became vehement in his denunciation of oversweet portrayals of Our Lord, claiming that He is often represented as a pale and posturing man who clutches a diaphanous drapery about Him and looks out on the universe with an expression of simpering vapidness. And Devoe added scornfully: "This was Jesus. This was the star maker, the world maker, the Infinite Strength." His scorn was for those who did Christ such a disservice, and he went to the trouble of writing on the subject because he wanted to see the case for the Divinity of Christ listened to with fairmindedness and candor.

This recalls an observation a Catholic woman made on seeing a small plastic statue of Our Lord. She said that it must have been made by a Communist.

Unfortunately, it is not the enemies of Christ who produce these saccharin caricatures of the most heroic figure in all history, but those who call themselves His friends.

The harm that is done to the cause of Christ by such misrepresentation is illustrated by a passage from a novel by Thomas Wolfe. "His teacher was a tall, white-faced young man, bent and thin. . . . He was tubercular; but the boys admired him because of his former skill as a baseball and basketball player. He spoke in a sad, sugary, whining voice; he was oppressively Christlike. . . . he told them when they were in doubt about their conduct they should ask themselves what Jesus would say: he spoke of Jesus often in his melancholy, somewhat discontented voice—Eugene became vaguely miserable as he talked, thinking of something soft, furry, with a wet tongue."

Who was to blame for the repellingly sweet picture of the Strong Christ in

the tortured mind of Thomas Wolfe? We are dealing with intangibles here, and it is impossible to decide whether he, himself, was responsible because of a failure to go to the New Testament for a portrait fashioned by the Holy Spirit, or whether the responsibility lay with those persons in Wolfe's life who claimed to represent Our Lord, only to misrepresent Him.

Is it possible that a man like Wolfe never read the overwhelming description of the Son of God which St. John set down in the Apocalypse? "And I turned to see the voice that was speaking to me. And having turned, I saw seven golden lampstands; and in the midst of the seven lampstands One like to a son of man, clothed with a garment reaching to the ankles, and girt about the breasts with a golden girdle. But His head and His hair were white as white wool, and as snow, and His eyes were as a flame of fire; His feet were like fine brass, as in a glowing furnace, and His voice

A WHITE ROSE FOR BEVERLY

by DAMIAN M. KELLY, O.Carm.

*A little boy, one summer's day,
Knelt down beside a cross to pray,
Then he wept, the skies wept,
And a white rose blooms by the grave.*

*A year ago there was no cross,
To tell him always of his loss,
Then he laughed, the sun laughed,
And no white rose bloomed by the grave.*

*For she then lived, a child of two,
The heav'ns were dimmed by eyes so blue;
When she smiled, the skies smiled,
And no white rose bloomed by the grave.*

*But angels came, and in their arms,
They bore her far from earthly harms;
When she died, the world died,
And a white rose blooms by the grave.*

*The little boy from out the skies
Hears angels sing her lullabies;
Now she laughs, and God laughs,
While the white rose blooms by the grave.*

like the voice of many waters. And He had in His right hand seven stars. And out of His mouth came forth a sharp two-edged sword; and His countenance was like the sun shining in its power."

And if anyone objects that this is a heavenly vision of Christ, let him turn to the towering Christ of the Gospels. Let him watch Christ through the eyes of St. John as He enters the temple at Jerusalem and comes upon that mad scene of men buying and selling oxen, sheep, and doves, while others busily make change at their tables. Divine anger flashes from His eyes as He makes a whip of some cords He finds at hand. Standing alone, He drives that turbulent sea of men and beasts from the temple, sweeping the coins of the money-changers to the floor and overturning the tables.

Of course, Christ knew that such acts would not only awaken implacable feelings of hatred and revenge in the hearts of those who were actually in the temple, but of the Jewish leaders who profited most by this sacrilegious traffic. We can see the venal dealers and cashiers scurrying off to the chief priests to tell them of what had happened. Our Lord was well aware of that effect of His fortitude which St. Mark describes when he writes: "And the chief priests and the Scribes heard it, and they sought a way to destroy Him; for they were afraid of Him. . . ."

Christ never "played safe." They were afraid of Him, so afraid that they would pursue Him to death, but He was not afraid of them, or of the death which they were plotting for Him. He evidently never regarded as valid those reasons for keeping quiet which some of His

followers would later give themselves and others for not speaking out. He sometimes probed the infected souls of seemingly respectable people, and let the hidden virulence gush forth for all to see. We do not know what was the motive of a particular Pharisee who asked Christ one day to dine with him. Anyway, Christ's host started to criticize Our Lord in his own mind for not having washed before dinner. The etiquette purveyors would surely not approve of Christ's seizing on His host's thoughts to say: "Now you Pharisees clean the outside of the cup and the dish, but within you are full of robbery and wickedness. Foolish ones! . . . Woe to you Pharisees! Because you pay tithes of mint, and rue, and every herb, and disregard justice and the love of God. . . ."

Surely this is not the way to win friends and influence people! And our Lord did not stop with the powerful Pharisees. As we say in a vivid modern phrase, a lawyer present at the dinner "asked for it" by stating: "Master, in saying these things, thou insultest us also." Try to imagine the emotions of this man as Christ turned His penetrating gaze upon him and replied: "Woe to you lawyers also! Because you load men with oppressive burdens and you yourselves with one of your fingers do not touch the burdens. . . . Woe to you lawyers! Because you have taken away the key of knowledge; you have not entered yourselves and those who were entering you have hindered."

As in the case of the driving of the commercialists from the temple, He knew, needless to say, that here, too, the incidental effect of His taking a

stand on principle was to increase their already fiercely burning hatred and vengeance. St. Luke states this effect plainly: "After He had said these things to them, the Pharisees and the lawyers began to press Him hard and to provoke Him to speak on many things, setting traps for Him and plotting to seize upon something out of His mouth, that they might accuse Him."

The shadow of the cross that they were preparing for Him was lengthening, but, as He had announced in the synagogue, applying to Himself the words of Isaiah, the Spirit of the Lord was upon Him, the Spirit of truth, and He had to proclaim the truth, regardless of the persecution that would inevitably follow. And so, He continues with that litany of condemnations which begin with the scathing words: "Woe to you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" He publicly catalogues their sins, and where in all literature will you find more incisive invective than that in which He compares these public figures with "whited sepulchers, which outwardly appear to men beautiful, but within are full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness?"

He turns from the hypocritical Pharisees to the conniving and licentious Herod. Some friends among the Pharisees warn Him to get out of Galilee, telling Him that Herod wants to kill Him. He replies: "Go and say to that fox, 'Behold, I cast out devils and perform cures today and tomorrow, and the third day I am to end My course,' " thus challenging Herod to kill Him before the time decided upon.

INDEED, He said: "Come to Me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will give you rest. . . ." Sin-laden, we all have great need of His divine pity, and kindness, and mercy. But we do Him a disservice when we present, as did an American magazine with a circulation of several million, in two successive Christmas editorials, only this aspect of the Personality of the God-Man. There is no perspective in such a picture of Christ. There is distortion and misrepresentation, although, at times, it is indeliberate.

We know that Christ will not return to the world to drive from His temples those who traffic in watery and saccharin portraits of Him. So, we must sweep away these products of sickly and commercial minds. We are acting for Him in the world, and we must give the Thomas Wolfes no occasion to think of Him as otherwise than He was, and is, and will be. We are living in an age when the world is looking for strong leaders. Nothing but disaster awaits those who cannot be persuaded to take as their leader the indescribably strong Christ.

THE *Sign* POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

National, Papal Emblems

Is it allowable to display the national flag within a Catholic church, and if so, where should it be placed in relation to the papal flag?—J. J. E., WASHINGTON, N. C.

It is forbidden to feature, within a church, or during an outdoor religious ceremony, a flag or other emblem symbolic of a nation or of any other organization hostile to the Church. Typical examples would be Masonic emblems and, under current circumstances, the flag of the USSR.

Certainly, there is no objection whatever to a display of American national or state colors, in connection with a Catholic service. Patriotism has always been important among characteristically Catholic virtues, and veneration of the flag is a basic expression of that virtue. (Reread "A Just War?" "Sign Post," April, 1951.)

However, on the score of strict propriety, we should distinguish between the placement of secular emblems within the nave or body of the church and their placement within the sanctuary. The sanctuary is an area restricted to persons, things, and functions that are sacred in the strictly religious sense of the term. Hence, it is by way of concession—during wartime or in similar circumstances—that national emblems, such as the American and papal flags, are permitted within the sanctuary.

The symbol of the Church is the cross or the crucifix; symbols of the Pope as spiritual ruler of Christendom are the papal coat-of-arms and the triple barred cross. The papal flag is emblematic of the Pope as a temporal sovereign. For that reason, in any given country, the national colors are ceded the priority of location—within a church, on the gospel side.

On or Off

Does etiquette permit Knights of Columbus, when acting as a guard of honor in church, to wear their hats?—K. C., NEWARK, N. J.

Yes. On any ceremonial occasion, whether civil, military, or religious, propriety calls for full dress uniform. Hence, not to wear the uniform headgear would be a breach of decorum—not to mention clumsy involvements, such as managing a sword with one hand and a hat with the other.

Infant Souls

Does a baby receive its soul at the time of conception or at birth? If at conception, would a deceased baby go to limbo or heaven?—E. D., SCRANTON, PA.

It is the teaching of the Church that human souls are created at the time of their infusion into their bodies—that is, at the time of conception. Thus, when we refer to the Immaculate Conception of Mary, we bespeak her moral health of soul, a supernaturally flawless condition verifiable "in the first instant of her conception."

If graced by baptism of water before death, an infant would be entitled to heaven; if not, then only to limbo. It is

misleading to speak of an unbaptized infant as lost. While baptism is an essential prerequisite for supernatural happiness throughout eternity, it does not follow that damnation to hell is the only other alternative to heaven in the usual, unqualified sense of the term.

Limbo is a place and a state of natural, human happiness enjoyed by two groups: a) the souls of the just who awaited heaven prior to the Ascension of their divine Saviour; b) the souls of infants, unbaptized but personally innocent. There is no reason why heaven and limbo cannot now be one and the same place. We do not know that this is so, but it seems cogently fitting that infants spend eternity with their parents, brothers, and sisters. As for association among souls enjoying different kinds and degrees of beatitude, no incompatibility can be proven. For example, within a family circle upon earth, adults and infants enjoy themselves and one another—each in his own way, in ratio to maturity. Nor is a youngster's happiness marred by a sense of deprivation because his enjoyments are not those of an adult. The everlasting security of limbo's beatitude is an enviable prospect.

Ceremony of Churching

Why must a woman be churched after having a baby?—if married, she has committed no sin.—L. R., WHITE-STONE, N. Y.

In the Catholic ceremony known as churching, there is no implication as to moral defilement. Probably, that erroneous impression is a case of mistaken identity, in connection with the Jewish rite of legal purification, prescribed in the twelfth chapter of Leviticus. It is incorrect also to suppose that a mother is barred from any other church service until she has submitted to this rite. Although the custom of churching dates back to the earliest days of Christianity, it is not obligatory.

The Catholic ceremony is a public act of thanksgiving for safe delivery and is a sacramental whereby God's blessing is petitioned for the mother and the child born of lawful wedlock. Ideally, the baptism of the child should take place before the churching of the mother.

For Rubbish, the Incinerator

I and my Catholic neighbors are constantly showered, via the mails and by personal delivery, with objectionable literature. The latest is a pamphlet, sketching the early history and recent "conversion" of an ex-priest.—F. D., SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

Although urban areas are by no means uncluttered with that type of propaganda, it seems to predominate in rural areas of the country, where the Church is less well established, and where the old-fashioned, hard-shelled, and rather moronic sort of antipapist still abounds.

We did not know of "the priest who became a Christian," until you sent us a digest of his alleged career. The process of spiritual deterioration, culminating in his so-called con-

version, is probably only too true. If you have your "Sign Post" on file, please reread "Trek from Rome" (March, 1950) and "Stray Shepherds" (May, 1949).

No need to confect a new answer to an ancient problem, dating back to the time of Judas—a problem highlighted throughout Old Testament centuries, from the day of original sin onward. Hence, a quotation of thought, from previous "Sign Post" replies, should suffice. Defections of this kind are exceptional, even rare, though inflated notoriety can create an impression of frequency. Education does not guarantee perseverance in virtue, any more than grace compels it. Objectively, circumstances never justify a defection from the priesthood or from the Church, but a mutineer will stop at nothing in the way of falsification in an attempt to justify his mutiny. The truest as well as the kindest explanation of the wanderings of a "stray shepherd" is mental unbalance. It is a human mystery that Adam and Eve, the original shepherds of the flock, repudiated the Almighty; it is less mysterious that their scandalous example be imitated, occasionally, by their offspring. In some sectors, and in some respects, European training is of the "hothouse" variety; a product of that training, transplanted to the climes of North America, may not be sturdy enough to survive.

It is very doubtful that legal procedure could be invoked successfully to obviate abuse of the mails in a case like this. As for the "special delivery" service of the antipapist couriers, why not a World War II veteran of the K-9 corps, attached to a guy-wire near the letter-box? At any rate, cremate any such harmful literature and so put it out of circulation. And pray, earnestly but calmly, for the unfortunate scribe.

How Many Religions?

How many religions are there in the world—how many distinct and separated sects? Where can I get information as to their principal doctrines?—J. S., GROSSWERDER, CAN.

For this country, the most up-to-date statistics are based upon the religious census of 1936, from the Bureau of Census, Department of Commerce. Reports based upon the latest and recent census of the continental United States are not yet available. However, the 1936 report suffices to answer your inquiry with approximate accuracy. While the number of adherents accredited to each denomination may vary considerably over a period of years, not so the number of distinct religions. If we add to the sects listed for this country, the Brahman-Hindus, the Buddhists, and the Mohammedans, we have a representative picture of the religions of the world at large. As a "melting pot," the U.S.A. has absorbed the adherents of practically every church as well as of every nationality.

The religious bodies in today's world number about 260. It should be noted that some groups number membership in terms of millions, while others total dozens only. All non-Catholic Christian churches should be listed separately, for the simple reason that their divergence of tenet forbids unity. Even Jews, aside from further subdivisions, are to be classified as orthodox and liberal. On the basis of perfect harmony of belief, moral code, and ceremonial worship, the only church members immune from disagreement and consequent subdivisions are those of the Roman and Eastern Catholic Church. The Oriental, so-called orthodox churches are, on the score of both schism and heresy, very unorthodox.

As for information on the principal religious groups, we suggest religious and secular cyclopedias; also the *Yearbook of American Churches*, the American edition of the *World Almanac*, and *The National Catholic Almanac*, published by St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J.

"He Descended into Hell"

A non-Catholic friend has asked me to explain the words of the Creed: "He descended into hell."—V. H., NEWARK, N. J.

Because of present-day usage, both pious and less than pious, it does seem strange to apply the above quotation from the Creed to our divine Saviour, even for the three-day interval between His death and resurrection. However, the statement is no longer strange, once we realize the variety of meanings which, according to ancient usage, is attached to the Jewish and Greek equivalents of the term *hell*. The Jewish *sheol*, as well as the Greek *hades* and *gehenna*, have represented different shades of meaning at various times.

As understood above, in the quotation from the Creed, the term *hell* refers to "the abode of the just of the Old Testament, called the Limbo of the Fathers, referred to by Christ as 'Abraham's bosom.'" The soul of Christ, after His death, descended to this hell and announced to the pious souls confined there the good news of their redemption and their proximate admission into heaven. At the same time, He blessed them with His presence, and thus made this place into a temporary paradise." (*Catholic Biblical Encyclopedia*: Steimmueller) Your non-Catholic friend has no reason to doubt your explanation, which is correct. For her, the term *hell* probably has only one meaning—the sense attached to it by those who bandy the term so eloquently as an expletive. Understood in that sense, of course, it would be blasphemous to say that *He* descended there.

Roman and Catholic

If I'm not mistaken, you Roman Catholics consider yourselves to have an exclusive right to the designation "Catholic." But you seem to be self-contradictory when you prefix Roman to Catholic.—M. W., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Aside from any particular application, the term *catholic* is synonymous with *universal*. You are not mistaken—we invite comparison, with a view to contrast, with any other religious denomination in the world. No other church can claim what the Roman Catholic Church enjoys, both by divine right and in fact—unqualified catholicity.

Catholicity, in the sense of geographical diffusion throughout the world, is one feature which the Church of a divine Founder should be able to boast of; more important, catholicity in the sense of time, dating from the days of the Founder rather than from the much later time of some mere human upstart; most important of all, catholicity of doctrine, worship, and government.

An official name should be a reliable designation of a moral person, such as a religious society. Copyright laws exemplify the need for an exclusive right to such designation. As far back as the year 110, St. Ignatius of Antioch refers to Christianity as the Catholic Church: "Where Jesus Christ is, there is the Catholic Church." Among pretenders to catholicity in this country, the Universalists date back only to 1770, to one John Murray who founded them in Good Luck, N. J.

The specification—*Roman Catholic*—is warranted for a twofold reason; it is simply a matter of history that Rome was established by St. Peter, the first Vicar of Christ, as the center from which the universality of the Church radiates; because of the plagiarism of the many sects that arrogate to themselves the coveted designation, *Catholic*, it has become necessary to specify the original and rightful possessor of the title as *Roman Catholic*. Recourse to a generic and specific title no more involves contradiction than to refer to the government of the British Empire as the regime at Downing Street, etc. We recommend that you "run the risk" of reading *The Spirit of Catholicism*, by Karl Adam.

Books

A KING'S STORY

By the Duke of Windsor. 435 pages.
G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4.50

So much has happened in the last fifteen years that the excitement attending the abdication of a King of England now seems like ancient history. The former Prince of Wales and King Edward the Eighth, now the Duke of Windsor, realizing this, states: "I feel as though I have been traveling through history in a time machine." Nevertheless, this book is destined to have a record-breaking sale. It is intensely readable, informative, and admirable in tone and expression. It is also enlivened with many humorous incidents and 127 photographs. One can hazard the guess that the brilliant writing was largely the work of Charles J. V. Murphy, a *Life* editor, who was one of the collaborators; as unlikely a name as could be imagined under the circumstances.

Of particular interest to Catholics is the author's statement concerning the "Declaration Insuring the Maintenance of the Protestant Faith by the Crown." He says: "I was brought up in the Protestant Faith; yet, the duty of uttering this outmoded sentiment was repugnant to me. . . . I actually inquired into the possibility of dispensing altogether with this ritual."

And, when learning that sympathetic crowds were demonstrating for him during the great crisis, he was reminded of Chesterton's lines: "Smile at us, pay us, pass us; but do not quite forget; For we are the people of England, that never have spoken yet."

Well, the ex-King has spoken, and despite his shortcomings, no one can now maintain that this man was merely a playboy.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

THE FOUNDLING

By Francis Cardinal Spellman.

304 pages.
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75

With vigor, humor, and an altogether charming style, Cardinal Spellman tells the story of Peter Lane who was abandoned as an infant in the Christmas Crib of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Paul Taggart, a maimed veteran returning from World War I, finds him and wants to



Cardinal Spellman

adopt him. Being a Protestant, he is not permitted to, since the baby has been found in a Catholic Church and must be reared a Catholic. Paul's bitter resentment over the ruling of the Foundling Home, where he takes the child, gives way under the kind persuasion of Sister Margaret. And religion, which at first seemed to thwart his happiness, brings him closer to little Peter, as he grows from a tow-headed youngster to a bright and promising youth under the care of the kind nuns at Mount Mary Home on Staten Island.

The Foundling presents an excellent character study of the paternal and filial relationship between a man and the boy whom he befriends. As his closest confidant, Paul harbors Peter's hopes and fears—his childish wish to be a farmer; later, his serious ambition to study music; finally, the threatened rift in his romance with Barbara Ross when Lewis, a rival, scoffs at his lowly birth, a question Peter knew would "come up some day . . . some way."

World War II brought another crisis in Peter's life. He returns from the Pacific to Paul and the faithful Barbara Ross, a blind veteran. But Peter had learned the hard way how to grapple with suffering, and strengthened by "faith and hope in Jesus Christ," he wins.

A delightful set of minor characters, Snoggins Mulrooney, Ike Hecht, and Chubby Sands, scatter flashes of wit and gaiety throughout the story. In a word, Cardinal Spellman has written an unusual novel in its forthright presentation of good and evil.

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT.

RETURN IN DECEMBER

By Cora Jarrett. 279 pages.
Rinehart & Co. \$2.75

In this psychological thriller, Dora, a psychiatrist's wife, tells the amazing story of a family with whom they are closely acquainted. The Grayce family's music teacher, Bridget Evans, is the object of Larry Temple's frustrated love. This might be called the dominant theme, but equally interesting and more sinister is the account of Lila Grayce's drive to control the life and money of her millionaire brother-in-law, Hunter MacRae. Mrs. Grayce brings him to the point where he needs to consult Dr. Gavin Arkwright, a famous psychiatrist and a colleague of Dora's husband.

The analysis and interaction of these

characters and their servants and children is of such complexity that it is impossible to synopsise it sensibly in a paragraph. However, for all its confusion and meandering flashbacks, it does pull itself together at the end. In typical mystery style, just as one breathes a sigh of relief that everything is concluded, the last lines plummet the reader back into the mystery.

There is plenty of suspense, a different twist on the love interest and, what is almost infallibly attractive, frequent excursions into human motivation. I doubt, though, that you will be kept awake nights wondering whether it was the music teacher who actually appeared to bring about Hunter MacRae's cure or only a phantasm. If you do not probe it too deeply, *Return in December* will give you a diverting few hours.

PAULA BOWES.

A SOLDIER'S STORY

By General Omar N. Bradley.

618 pages.
\$5.00

Henry Holt & Co.

General Bradley's book is a worthy companion to Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe* and Clark's *Calculated Risk*. Individually each is worthy; together they constitute a fairly complete personalized history of the American Army's war in the Mediterranean and European theaters during 1943-45. War in retrospect, as written about by generals who fought the armies, is necessarily interesting to most people who lived during the events and battles. Bradley's story is, of course, priceless as history and will be particularly enjoyed by history-minded laymen and students.

The outstanding characteristic of this work is the apparent determination to give as factual and objective a report as possible. The preface states that the first draft was cut to one-third its original length. Perhaps this makes the battle accounts somewhat colorless, but certainly there is full comment on and evaluation of all outstanding events and personalities. Field Marshal Montgomery and General Patton are at times bluntly criticized, but then Bradley's own mistakes are frankly admitted. Especially effective is the clarity with which the technical strategy and field maneuvers



Gen. Bradley

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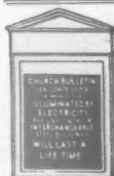
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of the European campaign are explained. The book is dedicated "to those soldiers who must have often wondered why they were going where they did." The "why" is answered to a certain extent, but "how" they got where they did is fully answered.

The publication is outstanding in one respect. It has, supplementing and illustrating the text, numerous maps, organizational charts, and properly placed photographs. In addition there is a glossary of terms, an identifying list of principal persons, and that most desirable item—a full index.

TOM HURLEY.

THIS IS THE HOUR

By Lion Feuchtwanger. 516 pages.
Viking Press. \$3.95

No one could accuse Lion Feuchtwanger of being equivocal in his terms after reading this new novel about the painter, Goya, and his part in opposing the Spanish Inquisition. The title, *This is the Hour*, is a paraphrase of the "Ya es hora" motif of Goya's "Caprichos," the satirical drawings with which the artist pictured the corruption of the Carlos IV-Maria Luisa-Godoy regime in his zeal to overthrow the Inquisition. The actual story is of Goya's conversion from self-centered artist into citizen determined to use his art to bring about the separation of Church and State.



L. Feuchtwanger

As if this were not clear enough, Mr. Feuchtwanger prefaces his tale with a crystalline statement of intent: "... to show the past, to mean the present, to build up the future."

Quite patently, the author believes there is a direct parallel between the Church-State relationship of the Inquisition as pictured in his novel and the Church-State relationship of Spain today. Also, presumably, he sees another parallel—one between himself and Goya, for surely Mr. Feuchtwanger has taken up his pen with no less zeal than his hero did the brush—in a cause the author is convinced is the same.

The artillery Mr. Feuchtwanger commands is potent, for he writes colorfully and forcefully of an era and its personalities, both of which he obviously has studied in great detail. Whether he hits his target depends upon which way it leans—toward or away from present-day Spain.

CLARE POWERS.

U.S.A.: THE PERMANENT REVOLUTION

By Editors of *Fortune*. 267 pages.
Prentice-Hall. \$3.75

Because this book first appeared as a series of articles in *Fortune*, many people

have already read it, and more know in advance that it will take the Luce Press "line" and be pro-capitalist to an extent not held by those trained in the tradition of the papal social encyclicals. Its journalistic origin also explains why it is somewhat haphazard at times.

The book merits attention, for in many ways it gives a fair view of the American way of life, especially of American capitalism, to uphold which it goes to almost sentimental lengths. Those who did not know it already may be surprised to learn of the diminished influence of Wall Street today, with the growing trend of large corporations to capitalize their profits to find funds for expansion. Those who have been accustomed to thinking of labor unions as groups at war with capitalists will also be surprised to learn of the degree of co-operation which now exists in the way of collective bargaining contracts, as well as through employers' desiring to diminish labor turnover costs and to maintain a satisfied permanent core of workers. Mention is made of Catholic labor schools (p. 96) but not of how Catholic social thinking through the encyclicals and their commentaries is hardly in line with the capitalism which the authors seek to uphold; mention is also made of the disproportionate number of Catholics in the A.A. group in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. One finds reference to Mayo and Golden, but not to Whyte and Bakke; too much attention is paid to the business side of life, and although social and political organization is not omitted, many aspects of America's development, including the intellectual side of it, are not even touched upon.

EVA J. ROSS.

COMMUNISM, DEMOCRACY, AND CATHOLIC POWER

By Paul Blanshard. 340 pages.
The Beacon Press. \$3.50

In this book a man who thinks of himself as a democrat calls upon Americans to hate and persecute Catholics because they will not change their religion. Slashing through a lot of incredibly wrapped semantic garbage, that is the practical message which we uncover in this newest encounter with the literary product of Paul Blanshard.



P. Blanshard

After a prefatory nod to the Editor of the Beacon Press for contributing "to my files a mass of revealing material," and to the *Nation* magazine for sending him to Rome, "as its special correspondent for the Holy Year," Blanshard gets down to his thesis. His thesis is that all the really important things which we detest in the Soviet exist also in the Catholic Church, and every good Amer-

ican should take the same attitude toward the Catholic Church as toward the Soviet.

The Soviet is a state in which 200,000,000 slaves are ruled by a hierarchic group headed by Stalin. The Catholic Church is a state in which close to 400,000,000 slaves are ruled by a hierarchic group headed by the Pope. Stalin shoots a Soviet editor for talking out of turn. And, by a deadly parallel, the Catholic Church excommunicates a Catholic who, for instance, preaches or practices baby murder (therapeutic abortion).

Both the Kremlin and the Catholic Church war against the public school, but by mysteriously diversified methods: the Kremlin by establishing public schools, and the Church by establishing private schools. It's rather confusing. The Soviet is a liar. The Catholic Church is a liar. The Soviet wants to infiltrate and take over America. The Vatican wants to infiltrate and take over America.

So Americans should consider Catholics as enemies. But the vital question for us is how can we redeem ourselves?

We must affirm that the public school gives sufficient guidance in morality and religion to satisfy the Catholic conscience. We must agree that Catholics are morally free to read whatever publishers choose to publish. We must concede to the state priority over God in legislating for such things as divorce, birth control by sexual perversion, and abortion.

At least, that is Mr. Paul Blanshard's recipe for making Catholics into good Americans.

MARTIN TANSEY.

THE SOUTHWEST CORNER

By Mildred Walker. 144 pages.
Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.00

This is the story of Mrs. Marcia Elder, a Vermont woman of eighty-three, who after years of living happily alone finds suddenly that her body is not as young as her spirit and her bones won't endure the rigors of winter. So she decides to invite another woman to live with her, and out of scores, selects Bea Cannon.

Miss Cannon is competent and not unkind, but she is decidedly coarse and insensitive, and, moreover, she cannot understand why Mrs. Elder loves a lonely hill, thunderstorms, rain, and sun. She decides they would be better off in her own little village of Dedham, and she maneuvers Mrs. Elder into a spot where she can oppose no more than her silent distaste to the other's insistence. They go into the cluttered village and cluttered house where the radio blares all day, and Mrs. Elder acquiesces and endures. Death relieves her of Bea Cannon and at once she sets her mind on home. The house has not been sold, though the furniture has, but she disre-

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gards all such detail. The story, a slight one of great subtlety, ends with her once more installed in the southwest corner of her old home, the early New England form of old age security. A young woman is conducting an inn in the rest of the former residence, Mrs. Elder having found her en route in a terrific snow-storm and brought her up the hill in the icy dark.

Mildred Walker has written many novels, and shows a practiced hand. Here is no excitement but a deep sincerity which engages the reader's interest and carries him quickly to the end. Mrs. Elder is an American introvert of a fine, intuitive, and highly intelligent type, very endearing for all her reticences and with, one would hazard, a keen if dry sense of humor. Altogether a portrait to be cherished in a gallery that contains too many loud-mouthed extroverts. It is also a book to be cherished by the old, since it tackles bravely all their fears and physical hazards, and shows how the spirit can triumph, if only the mind is clear.

NORAH MEADE CORCORAN.

FABIOLA

By Nicholas Cardinal
Wiseman.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

311 pages.

\$3.00

It was the intention of Nicholas Wiseman, first cardinal of England's *Second Spring*, to write three novels illustrating three significant periods of Christian history. As his crowded life scarcely covered sixty-three years, he was able to finish only the first of the trilogy—a story of early Christianity during the persecutions of Diocletian and Maximian. Because of his vast knowledge of Church history, his familiarity with Rome, and his sympathies at once spiritual and human, Cardinal Wiseman was richly equipped to present in story form the eternal conflict between pagan and Christian ideals, and *Fabiola* stands as a more restrained precursor of the *Quo Vadis* type of novel.

But after all, he wrote almost a century ago and his style had not the perennial and poetic beauty of Newman's, so the present publisher conceived the somewhat daring project of having the entire work recast for today's readers by one of today's popular writers, Eddie Doherty. To the latter's credit, it must be said that he has made as few changes as possible in his "chronicle of the first underground." It is still dignified and at moments didactic, a little sedate, a little sentimental, but sealed with an essential sincerity, simplicity, and sublimity. It is still a great old story of the times when faith was young and Christians so enamored of eternity that they had to be forbidden to seek martyrdom. And it leads us through catacomb, law court, or arena in intimate companionship with

Agnes, Sebastian, and the saintly crew who built up the pattern of early Christian "resistance." Today our pattern may be quite different—but the possibility of actual persecution is nearer to us than it can have seemed to our parents or grandparents.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

THE SLAVE SHIP

By Bruno E. Werner.

483 pages.

\$4.00

Pantheon Books.

Expert reporting, *The Slave Ship* presents life in the Third Reich: an empire riddled with espionage and torture chambers; at the receiving end of saturation bombings; its cities ripped wide and leveled.

The early chapters are thick with unfortunate idioms, trials for translator and reader both. Then the story focuses on Georg Forster, a youngish German journalist, "who was against it all, but never did anything much to stop it, and whose name was finally on the official list of persons wanted." Forster cringes before informers, tyrants, and skies crackling with explosives. He lives desperately hoping, and often despairing of his country's eventual rescue by the Allies. Neither he, nor the lesser characters, have life-like qualities, and for this reason, *The Slave Ship* suffers as a novel.

As a factual account of Nazi Germany from 1933 to 1945, however, it is superlative. We learn how the "good" Germans depended on foreign broadcasts; we hear the truckloads of Jews on their way to ovens at the Polish border; we see a bombed-out citizenry mourning, then growing independent of material possessions; we share the anguish of a man whose friends and family lie in Dachau or under the embers of Berlin and Dresden.

At the book's end, Georg Forster seems more of a ghost than a living being, as he bares his head, smiling, while American tanks roll by; and his Germany more of a ghost country than a real one.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

THE GREAT DISCIPLE AND OTHER STORIES

By W. B. Ready.

158 pages.

\$2.50

Bruce Publishing Co.

This is a splendid collection of short stories and sketches by W. B. Ready; several have previously been published in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. They all have a distinct Irish background, with fact and fiction and fantasy tumbled together and held in shape by a sharp and ready wit.

It is an entertaining book, one which



W. B. Ready

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may be read aloud to a family consisting of youngsters and oldsters, and everyone shortly will be chuckling and gay. As in any collection of tales, there are bound to be some which are superior. These by name are "The Great Disciple," "St. Patrick's Day in the Afternoon," "Barring the Weight," and "Sufficient." Pathos and humor and that rare quality of Irish mysticism combine to make these stories outstanding. Many a day shall pass before one forgets such fine folk as Brother John, Dinny Whalen, Scrammy Ryan, and Evan Morgan.

Fantasy too plays a major role in many of these highly readable tales. The Coo-Cullen stories, featuring a mite of a lad named Salty, are prodigious affairs, and they make the antics of our own Paul Bunyan seem by comparison to be timid and "Milktoastian."

One of the best single stories is "The Irish and The Jews and Everybody Else," a deeply religious piece told simply and effectively.

The Disciple and Other Stories is worthwhile, enjoyable reading.

WILLIAM MILLER BURKE.

BEYOND EAST AND WEST

By John C. H. Wu. 364 pages.
Sheed & Ward. \$3.50

This is the story of a brilliant Chinese jurist and Catholic convert, as told by himself. Bubbling with enthusiasm for life, John Wu has absorbed the wisdom and knowledge of our Western world as well as of the



John C. H. Wu

East. He served as Chief Justice and President of the International Court of Shanghai, was asked to sit on the Supreme Court of China, took part in revising the Constitution of his country, and was sent by President Chiang Kai-shek in 1947 as China's Minister to the Vatican. There he served for two years, and was then recalled by Prime Minister Sun Fo to serve in the Cabinet as Minister of Justice. Political changes cut short this appointment, and in recent years Dr. Wu has been lecturing as a professor at the University of Hawaii.

Much has been made of the warm friendship between John Wu and our own celebrated Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Wu was fascinated by the range and versatility of Holmes' mind, but his own vision was far deeper. He tried to push Holmes to admit the existence of a personal God and the supremacy of His divine law. Holmes remained a pantheist, if anything, but Wu continued to give and find inspiration in their friendship.

Remarkable is the author's appreciation of the good in everything. He explains the great religions of China—

Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism, and shows their value as pathways to Christianity. Pope Pius XII greeted him as "—a loyal son of the Church, whose journey to the Catholic Faith was illuminated by Dante's *Divine Comedy* and whose thoughts and actions unite in an exemplary way the love of God and the devotion to your native land."

HASTINGS BLAKE.

HENRY

By Elizabeth Eliot. 287 pages.
Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$2.75

The season for hammock reading is upon us once again, and one could do much worse than select this gossamer British novel for a lazy afternoon's swing in the shade.

While there's nothing in *Henry* to raise the blood pressure, it does contain a good deal of pleasant, entertaining comedy and an etching here and there of the British postwar scene, done with a keen eye and without malice. *Henry* is the story of a handsome, well-mannered scapegrace as seen through his sister's eyes; he lives in the half-world of the racetrack until a young doctor ups and marries him and seeks to convert him to respectability. The conversion doesn't quite take, however, even though his wife, in the end, employs rather forceful means to tame her husband's errantry. Mingled in the business of working out Henry's misadventures to the final ignominious scene in a pub is a cast of stock and zombie characters who contrive to give a rather simple plot an added zest.

It would be presumptuous to make more of Miss Eliot's novel than there is to it. *Henry* doesn't pretend to be, nor is it, more than gentle horseplay, skillfully executed. Yet the horseplay never gets very rough; even Miss Eliot's humor tends to be restrained and arch, like a joke in *Punch*.

Nevertheless Miss Eliot is relaxing. She doesn't give you very much. On the other hand, she doesn't ask very much. And that's what makes good hammock reading.

ALDEN WHITMAN.

THE WAY OF THE FREE

By Stefan Osusky. 320 pages.
E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.75

The more complex the international situation becomes, so much the more readily do authoritative answers to our problems roll off the press. The very complexity of the international situation, with its myriad ramifications that can't possibly be resolved in the immediate future, seems to embolden these writers to present their remedies, knowing secretly in their hearts that when the



Elizabeth Eliot

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day of reckoning does arrive, it is not likely that their books will be dusted off and re-appraised.

Stefan Osusky, Chicago University-educated Czech statesman, has made many worthwhile contributions in his *The Way of the Free*, but he does not come near answering all the problems that the enthusiastic blurb writer proposed on the jacket. His character analysis of Stalin with his provincial Georgian temperament so unlike the great mass of Russians is of marked interest, as is his comparison of the revolution with the principles of Marxism.

The chapter on Communism and the Protestant Church leaders, and Tito's break with the Kremlin, deserves to be read by all who are interested in world affairs. But when Dr. Osusky delves into history, which he does throughout the book, he betrays his secularist education. Though he lacks the venom of a Blanshard, he seems to have taken his facts from the same sources. The supernatural role of the Church entirely escapes him, as he centers all on power politics. As far as he is concerned, the break of the Eastern and Western Church was of an entirely political nature, with theology playing a very subordinate role. When he does venture into the spiritual character of the Church, his remarks are of this nature: Christ formulated no creed, and the Fathers of the Church used a system based on Greek thought.

The author, previous to his work in Washington on the board of the Council of Free Czechoslovakia, was Visiting Professor of European Civilization at Colgate University. We wonder how Christian European civilization fared at the hands of the author, who looks upon the Church as an essentially political, power-hungry organization.

WILFRED SCANLON, C.P.

INSURRECTION

By Liam O'Flaherty. 248 pages.
Little, Brown & Co. \$3.00

There is a certain littleness in Liam O'Flaherty's account of Ireland's tragic but glorious Easter Week of 1916. His story, if rapid and violent, is painted on a small and meanly stretched canvas. The Rising is no Revolution to him, not even a Rebellion. Rather is it "Insurrection," just this side, it would seem, of Mutiny.

On the whole the British soldiers stand out, in the individual vignettes of their leaders, much more admirably than the Dublin "Insurrectionists." But then Pearse and Connolly and The O'Rahilly and the rest are barely mentioned. It is a strange quirk of Mr. O'Flaherty's not once to use the terms British or English; but rather to speak with unvarying insistence of "the imperial troops" and "the imperial soldiers." The reader is left to guess just whom the Irish "insurgents" are fighting.

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Actually the book is not a new *In-former*; but rather a rehashing of *Odd Man Out*. It has the same injection of muddy mysticism as the Green novel. O'Flaherty, with frightening and horrid paganism, has his protagonists kill for the lust of killing; and again and again, finding "a satisfying feeling of unity" with the soldiers whom they were killing and by whom they were to be killed. Of the poetic idealism and high romance of Padraic Pearse, Thomas MacDonagh, and Sean McDermott this book holds barely a mentioned trace. The men and women are mean people in a meanly senseless fight. They are pathological brawlers. Mr. O'Flaherty should have cribbed and confined them to ructions at a fair. He should never have framed them in the glorious gold of Ireland's most historic Easter.

DORAN HURLEY.

INNOCENTS FROM ABROAD

By Kenneth Harris. 238 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50

The Innocents, three Oxford undergraduates, debated their way across the U.S.A. in 1948. They visited sixty-three colleges in forty-three states, like knights of old taking on all comers for King, country, and the government in power.

Rarely has the United States entertained more amiably disposed guests, or ones who had themselves a better time. They were a trio with insatiable curiosity and friendliness, ever fascinated by the fascination that an English lord holds for his American hosts. Kenneth Harris tells the tale of their travel with unobtrusive good writing and humor.

To his American readers, Mr. Harris' rendering of their dialects is phonetical to the point of fantasy. Also, since the debating team visited mostly schools in the northeastern states (according to their itinerary map) why did he limit his stories, in general, to life on the campuses in other quarters of the country? Did he, horrid thought, find less welcome at Williams, cordiality at Columbia, than in the universities further inland? Perhaps, it is but that Mr. Harris felt the doings in the wilder and woollier colleges made better reading for the book clubs back home.

The book is refreshing, unpretentious, and no little instructive. More, it is a bread-and-butter letter to the many Professors of Speech throughout our country who exerted themselves far beyond the call of duty to make their young English visitors feel at home. For this *gaudeamus igitur*.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

SHORT NOTICES

HELOISE AND ABELARD. By Etienne Gilson. 194 pages. Henry Regnery Co. \$3.00. Few love stories in history are more famous than the passionate and tragic romance of Heloise and Abelard. Peter Abelard was a

brilliant figure in the intellectual life of the Middle Ages. His teachings in philosophy and theology brought him international fame, and he was a forerunner both of the University of Paris and of that synthesis of Aristotle and the Christian Faith which found its highest expression in the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas.

In the present study, Gilson shows that Abelard was not barred from marriage by Holy Orders. He did not marry Heloise to rectify their liaison, but to maintain his hold on her—blind as he was to her undying devotion. Passion obscured religious considerations even in their careers in religious communities. As a bright sunset to a day of storm came the great Christian charity and understanding of Peter the Venerable, the Abbot of Cluny, who sustained them both and led them to look for reunion in their Eternal Home.

SINS OF PARENTS. By Charles Hugo Doyle. 206 pages. The Nugent Press. \$3.00. It is high time that the fourth commandment in reverse be given an airing, and that the parents-can-do-no-wrong myth be exploded. More sins have been committed in the name of parenthood than even Father Doyle has encompassed in this book.

In a punchy, common-sense fashion, bolstered by a judicious sprinkling of Scripture quotations and appropriate anecdotes, Father Doyle discusses the sins of omission and commission of which parents are guilty.

Perhaps the best thing in the whole book is Father Doyle's suggestion that high school courses be given in home economics, human relations, and child psychology, obligatory for all students. These, I might add, should be continued in college. It seems to this reviewer that here is a field in which Catholic education might very well take the lead instead of breaking its neck to ape and compete with secular education. The difference between Catholic education and secular should go deeper than mere courses in religion and scholastic philosophy.

THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS. Edited by Bishop George Andrew Beck, A.A. 640 pages. Templegate Publishers. \$6.50. Probably the most interesting history of the modern English Catholic Church is this group of essays commemorating the first centenary of the restored hierarchy of England and Wales. It is a genuinely cheering record of the progress made by the Faith from the day when Pius IX shocked and angered English Protestantism by assigning an archbishop to Westminster. The synthetic product of fifteen different authors, it provides expert coverage of various important facets and factors of English Catholic life, from 1850 to 1950. To Catholics everywhere, there is nothing so heartening as the relentless triumph of the old English Church over a legislative program which for three centuries was loaded and sighted with the confessed purpose of blowing it to pieces. As the political and social progenitor of America, England may serve as a portent of the drift of American Catholic prestige. The old Church that returned to Westminster after a weary exile will probably not have as long a trek to enter the good graces of an American public which is periodically infected by an anti-Catholic sentiment incited by crude lies.

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ANATOMY OF BIGOTRY

(Continued from page 16)

as a norm of human life, without God as the center, which leads to a form of nihilism unequalled in history."

There, I think, you have the elements of the present anti-Catholic ruckus: inherited prejudices, the growth and vigor of the Catholic community, Stalinist exploitation of the gullible, and commitment to Secularism, Scientism, and Statism.

As for the first category, it is manifest that great masses of non-Catholics in the United States have been relatively untouched by the bias and the bombast of those who grandiosely represent themselves as spokesmen for Protestants and Jews. Despite the noise of the Oxnames and the Blanshards, there has been little, if any, deterioration of cordial relations with non-Catholic friends, neighbors, business associates. During many thousands of miles of traveling in various parts of the country, I have concluded that the bellwethers of bigotry have failed to stamper non-Catholic America against the Catholic body. The insistent blarings of the scaremongers have had some effect; they have doubtless colored in some degree the thinking of millions. But few indeed have been roused to a frenzy against us.

I further believe that time will tell in our favor. It has already vindicated, for example, our attitude on Communism and Stalinism. As the ravages of secularism, easy divorce, birth prevention, abortion, "mercy" murder, and so forth, become a reeking national scandal, it will be recognized that, all along, the Catholics, far from being both wrong and un-American in their stand on these matters, really were right and the best promoters of America's true interest.

Pending that day of judgment, Catholics must see to it that they conduct themselves properly. They must dedicate themselves to a campaign of information. Catholic principle and the Catholic program are readily misrepresented if people know nothing of the reality. We can be much more easily deceived about conditions in Siam than about conditions in our home city. And it is not ridiculous to compare many Americans' knowledge of Siam with their knowledge of Catholicism. There is urgent need, then, that we make known what Catholicism is. There have been some beginnings toward this, but they are on a comparatively small scale, inept, uncoordinated.

Again, we must overcome the tendency to mere negativism. We have become rather notorious for the things we are against. In our opposition to this or that, we have all too often been more vehement than cogent. The non-Catholic has heard our clamor without seeing

our point, not merely because his frame of reference is somewhat different from ours, but also because we have demonstrated with picket lines instead of demonstrating with solid, relevant argumentation. Nothing constructive will be accomplished if we do no more than throw our weight around. It would be fatal if we were to justify the accusation that we are simply a pressure group.

Still again, a merely defensive attitude is gravely mistaken. The Holy Father told the men of Catholic Action in Italy not long ago that he who stays on the defensive has already lost. If most of our time and energy is diverted to apology, those who would eliminate Catholicism from American life have advanced a considerable distance toward their goal. We must, rather, intensively study, and seek to translate into action, the prescription for improving the social order which the encyclicals of the Popes of the past sixty years have set forth. If the bulk of American Catholics addressed themselves to such an undertaking, the cries of our defamers would be drowned in the applause of the multitudes who would be our beneficiaries.

Finally, it is well to recall the words of Pius XI when overt and savage persecution of the Church was raging in Mexico. He told priests and people "to carry on a work of persuasion and charity especially among the enemies of the Church" and said that the alleviating of crushing opposition would come about only as the result of "the uncontrollable overflowing of intense love for Jesus Christ and for souls redeemed by His precious blood, love which leads to the imitation of His life of prayer, of sacrifice, and of unquenchable zeal."



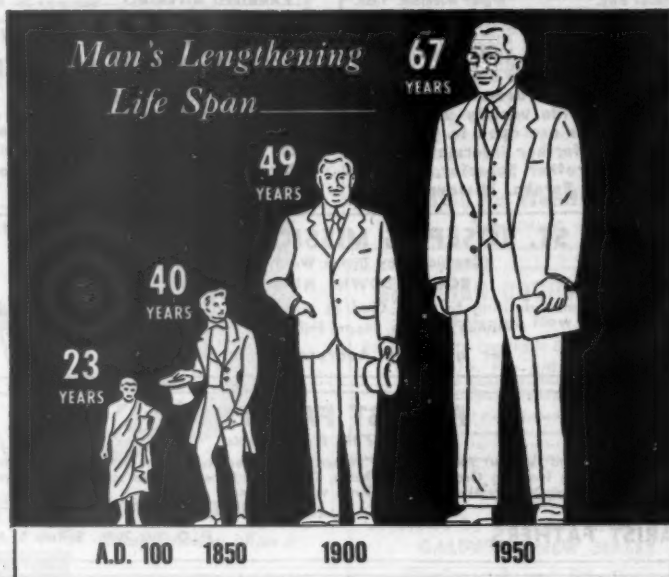
Distinction

► The pastor had been appointed a monsignor. The teachers of the grade school were instructing the children how to address him correctly.

Several days had passed, when a little girl came to one of the Sisters and asked, "Sister, why do we say, 'Good morning, Father' to two of our priests and 'Good morning, my sinner' to the other one?"

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PURCELL'S VOYAGE

(Continued from page 39)

Macklin said nothing, but as the moments passed he grew restless. Suddenly he seized the rope.

"Careful!" I warned.

"I've had enough!" he shouted. "I'm not waiting any longer!"

He hauled it in. I could not stop him; he was adamant. Yard after yard of it fell in a mist of coils behind him. How long a rope was it, I wondered? *How long?*

He paused, frowning. Experimentally he gave the line a little shake. "Mr. Adams . . ."

"What is it, Macklin?"

"Feel this."

I stepped to his side and drew the rope in slowly while he stared at me.

"It comes too easy," he muttered. "It's broken, Adams . . ."

Together we hauled the line in, and a chill gripped me as it slid toward us through the dark water. I saw a small white blossom of loose strands at the end of it glided from the stream and curled over the limestone. I bent to pick it up.

We stared at it, both of us, as the truth hit home. Macklin was first to find his voice. "Broken?" he said hoarsely. "No, it's not broken. *He cut it!*"

Purcell's river slid by on its eternal journey, mocking us.

IT WAS in the papers, of course, and there was talk. You know about that. By some, Purcell was accused of cowardice—he was driven, they insisted, by the jeers that followed him into retirement. A shaky theory, to be sure, but men of science are supposed to be a little different from the rest of us.

Others, more charitable, thought that Tobey's disappearance must have upset him. And still others cynically suggested that, after all, he was an old man with a bad heart and so had little to lose.

Perhaps. But before it was over I had occasion to go into the barn with his brother, who, while poking about in that vast grab bag of a storehouse, discovered that certain items were not where he had put them. "Have you been moving this stuff about, Mr. Adams?" he demanded.

I assured him I hadn't.

"Well, then, *he* must have helped himself to more than he told you." Annoyed, he began to paw about on disarranged shelves. "I had a lot of photographic equipment here, and one of those portable wire recorders. There's a pocket stove gone, too—and someone's been into these boxes of food tablets and vitamin pills. Why, confound it, Adams"—and, obviously puzzled, he swung about to face me—"there's enough stuff missing to outfit a small expedition!"

That, I think completes the record.

A SHOCK FOR THE RAVEN

(Continued from page 54)

badly made soda bread. Yours is a real treat, Mrs. Feeney. Would you think me very greedy if I had another slice?"

"Eat away, alanna," Mrs. Feeney said, her heart dancing to this sweet music, and so elevated by it that she denied her eyes the pleasure of dwelling on Sarah Donnelly's discomfited face.

"You know," Anna confided, "it's only after leaving college that a girl like myself finds out all she has to learn. Anyone at all can cook in a city kitchen where there's nothing to be done but look after the stove. But the cook I respect is the woman who can turn out good meals in a farmhouse kitchen in between churning and feeding calves and fowl. How does she ever learn to get around it all?"

"No difficulty at all," Mrs. Feeney assured her, and her eyes were shining. "No difficulty in the world, child. All a young married woman needs is to have someone at hand with experience—someone who'll show her the way."

WHEN tea was over and Brian went out to do the milking, Mrs. Donnelly pushed back her chair and stood up. "I'll be going," she said shortly. "Would you have any objections, Mary, if I took the remains of the sweet cakes with me? Seeing that nobody here cares for such rubbish, I thought I'd let Mrs. Byrne have them."

"By all means, Sarah." Shamefacedly, Mrs. Feeney rummaged in the sideboard drawer. "I've a paper bag here that will hold them."

"Did I tell you," asked The Raven when she found herself at the front door, "that Mrs. Byrne and Mrs. Connolly and myself and a few others were thinking of getting up a kind of little card club? Nothing much, you know—just a game or two of solo."

"Now isn't that a grand idea?" Mrs. Feeney loved her game of cards. "Won't it be a great thing for us for the long winter evenings?"

"Aye." The Raven hesitated. "We didn't count you in, of course. I kind of felt—and look how right I was!—that you wouldn't be having much time for enjoyment. Sure, God help you, with all the teaching and training you're going to have to do on your new daughter-in-law you won't have a minute at all to yourself from now on. Ah, well . . . maybe she'll repay you, Mary—though I've never seen the daughter-in-law yet that knew the meaning of gratitude. Good evening to you, now."

Mrs. Feeney went back to the parlor where, in spite of Mrs. Donnelly's forebodings, she managed to spend a very pleasant evening showing Anna photographs of Brian as a child.

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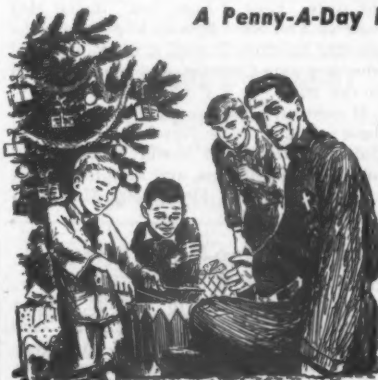
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MR. ANTHONY AUSTIN

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JOHN A. DICKIE

Berwyn, Ill.

British Viewpoint

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I, as a mere Britisher, respectfully point out to Philip Williams (letter re "Hash Marks and Test Tubes") that the proximity fuse, radar, and degaussing (mine protection belts for ships to you) were all British inventions.

Further, that the original research, the idea, and the suggested line of development of the atom bomb were British—we just couldn't afford the money to make it, so Churchill asked you to do it.

Don't think I am "panning the Yanks." Most of us admire you as a country and like you as individuals. There is a great future for us both together, but we often get the feeling that you underestimate us since we are so much smaller than your own great country.

British inventiveness and American "know how" could beat the world together,

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"Papa, I Love You"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I wish to congratulate Marie Kandl for the story, "Papa, I Love You," in the May issue of THE SIGN. It is so inspiring to the younger children. I read it to my husband who is a non-Catholic, and he enjoyed it to the end.

If more stories were printed such as this there would be more Novak families in the United States, there would be fewer divorces, more children, and happiness.

MRS. JAMES MILFORD

Jersey City, N. J.

Fiction

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

A word of praise to author William Roosen. His story, "And Only Time," was indeed interesting and factual in revealing the feelings of a young man of today.

I feel much like the young man in the

story who found himself not knowing what to do about his girl or how to plan a future. I guess we'll have to trust in God to help us.

J. BECK

Forest Park, Ill.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Just a note to tell you that I enjoyed Harry Sylvester's story, "Anatomy of the Brave."

At the same time let me congratulate you on the splendid magazine you are producing.

JOHN T. BALFE

New York, N. Y.

"Every Professor a Pope"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I commend you on the article, "Every Professor a Pope," by Vincent W. Hartnett, in the March, 1951, issue of THE SIGN. I disagree completely with Mr. Edward F. Murphy of the Bronx. It is evident that he has not attended a non-Catholic high school or college or he would have found the article in question charitable and restrained.

Mr. Murphy's attitude might have changed had he been in a certain Sociology class where many religions, including Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Shintoism, were given lengthy explanations and then Christianity was dismissed by saying, with the teacher's approval, that in it people did things for others with selfish motives. This incident occurred in a college run with taxpayers' money.

Mr. Murphy might sing a different tune had he been in a certain Philosophy class, whose professor, a graduate of Harvard, delicately insinuated that he agreed with the materialists, and that the Catholics who disagreed must be slightly off beam for adhering to such obviously outdated theories. Yes, there are many ways a teacher can influence a student's mind and his entire attitude on life. And most of them present their beliefs as proven facts. That is why I thought the title of Mr. Hartnett's article to be so apt.

ELEANOR W. BRAUE

Williston Park, N. Y.

Pre-Service Training

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I was pleased to read Bob Senser's article, "Youth Needs Pre-Service Training." Within two months I will be in military service. Perhaps then I shall realize more fully this need.

WILLIAM F. CAGNACCI, JR.

Wilmington, Del.

Orange Police State

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Might I offer you a word of congratulation on publishing that magnificent article, "Orange Police State," by J. J. Butler, in your March issue. The awful thing about it is that it is dead true. Catholics everywhere should keep turning the spotlight on it. The Catholics here in England are, as you probably know, very anti-Ireland. It is their blind spot. Why? Hard to say. Jealousy, with an inner sense of guilt for the appalling cruelties of their nation toward us, is my guess. All empires have a particular hatred for the country they conquer, especially for those who, though much weaker, have the guts to stand up to them.

Anyhow, your article was grand. And I am not alone in thinking so, I assure you. God bless your work.

A PRIEST

Manchester, England

A Teacher Says Nix

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

When I subscribed to THE SIGN I had hoped that the magazine would be sufficiently informative that we would want to continue to take it. We expected to find articles concerned with world news, viewed from the Catholic angle, etc. THE SIGN did not measure up to expectations, I am sorry to say. It is a good magazine, but not what we are really looking for. I am a teacher, my husband a student.

MRS. M. PARKER

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Remailing The Sign

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

If the readers of THE SIGN wish to remail the magazine or any Catholic publication to a missionary, please write to the address given below. In your letter give the name of the magazine or magazines you wish to remail. The address of an appreciative missionary or chaplain will be sent as soon as possible.

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Study Club Reading

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I thought you would like to know that the discussion group I belong to is using THE SIGN magazine at our meetings. We use a textbook for the chief part of our study, but find the special articles in THE SIGN of invaluable help in keeping us informed. We particularly like the question and answer section and the current events features.

MRS. JOSEPH VYGRALA
Hobart, Ind.

Visit to the Pope

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I take issue with the content, quality, style, and complete lack of respect found in the article written by Elisabeth Cobb in reporting her audience with the Holy Father? Her vocabulary, her innuendoes, her facetious, flippant remarks were very much out of place, in my opinion.

July, 1951

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I have had three audiences with the Holy Father in my lifetime and I'm sure the privilege, joy, and humility that naturally attend such an occasion were entirely lacking in Miss Cobb's visit.

I have listened to many, many people who had the opportunity and privilege of an audience with the Holy Father during last year's Holy Year celebration and all of them imparted the gravity, the awesomeness, the holiness of such an experience far more impressively than Miss Cobb did in her article.

MARY FERRIS

Indian Orchard, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author pokes fun only at herself, and her frantic preparations for the visit. Like many another good pilgrim she was overwhelmed at meeting the Holy Father. "I wept," etc.

Re-reading The Sign

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have always appreciated THE SIGN to the fullest extent, but recently I have discovered that it also contains a prophetic note. Thumbing through some old issues to check upon the ban on Rotary Clubs (July, 1938) I have reread many editorials on "What could be the result of our Foreign Policy." It's uncanny!

Suffice to say THE SIGN is worth rereading, regardless of the date; it contains so many worthwhile articles which are ageless.

ELIZABETH L. CANAN

Mt. Sterling, Ky.

The Sign in India

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

A few days ago I was reading Lucile Hasley's account of the circumstances that made her a Catholic author, and I recalled that one of the things she began writing about was, Why don't born Catholics tell people what they have in the Church? The fact is, we do; but people don't listen to us.

Non-Catholics as a whole react to our claims in about the same way. They don't believe us; they take our claim to be the one Church founded by Christ as a proud, vain, self-opinionated derogation of their own position. And since Catholics do not wish to be the occasion of their neighbors' sins, they consider it more charitable to present the truth once or twice and then be silent. When a person, guided by the Holy Ghost, looks at the facts calmly, he will understand what we say; but it is useless, and even harmful, to urge one who is not ready.

REV. CLAUDE R. DALY, S.J.

Trincomalee, Ceylon.

The Sign Post

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have learned more from reading the "Sign Post" than any other Catholic information. God bless Father Aloysius McDonough for his very clear, beautifully worded answers. He opens a door with his replies!

MRS. JOSEPH SANDE

Ossining, N. Y.

Appreciations

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Let me compliment you on your wonderful magazine, THE SIGN. There is a wonderful variety of articles and I particularly enjoyed your short stories. This was my first issue, but far from the last!

MISS PATRICIA WALSH

West Newton, Mass.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I was not acquainted with THE SIGN prior to receipt of my first issue. How could I possibly exclaim over its merits other than to say that the magazine is more than I expected and by far the best I have ever read?

MARIE B. KAY, M.D.

Chicago, Ill.

"We Believe In Babies"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

"We Believe In Babies," by Christopher Roche in your May issue certainly supplies women with the facts needed to counteract the falsehoods being spread by the planned parenthooders. It's an excellent companion piece to your previous article, "The Baby Spacing Legend."

I wish I had money enough to give copies of both to every Catholic women's group and every Catholic girl in the country.

JOAN CHRISTIAN

Richmond, Calif.

Editor's Note: Reprints of "We Believe in Babies" and "The Baby Spacing Legend" are available. For a single copy of either, send 5¢ and a stamped return envelope. Quantity prices are: \$4 per 100, \$35 per 1,000, plus postage. Write to: THE SIGN, Reprints Desk, Union City, N. J.

THE SIGN COVER



In New Cambria, Mo., there is a lad celebrating his first Fourth of July. He's only five, so he probably doesn't realize how lucky he is not to be in his native Poland today. That little Andrzej Moszynski is a happy kid—here playing "captain" on the ship that brought him to U.S.A.—the photographer proves. War Relief Services-NCWC sponsored him.

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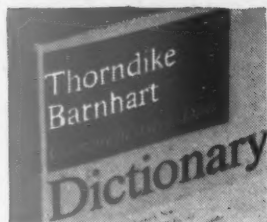
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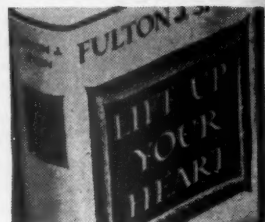
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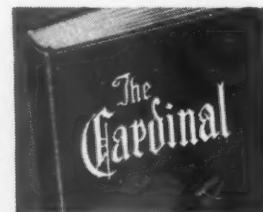
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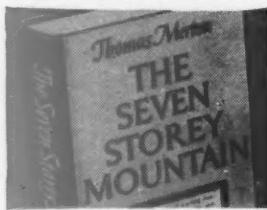
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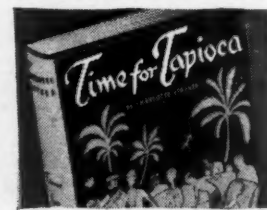
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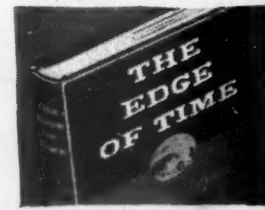
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